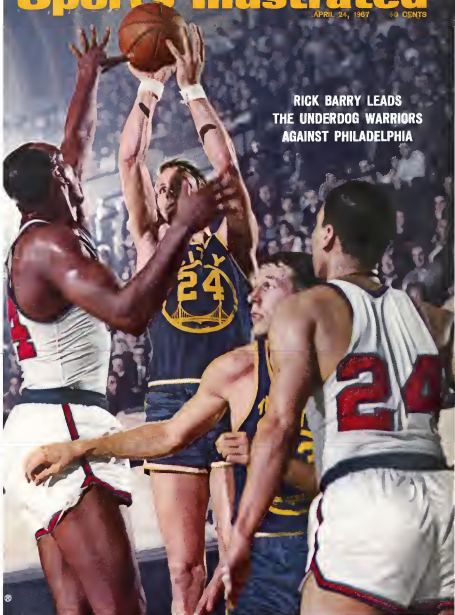


Sports Illustrated

APRIL 24, 1967 40 CENTS

**RICK BARRY LEADS
THE UNDERDOG WARRIORS
AGAINST PHILADELPHIA**





With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N. Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 66 Proof

re were 580,221 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 672,543 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 722,118 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 842,198 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 938,651 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 1,110,432 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 1,359,000 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 1,537,250 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 1,703,846 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 2,085,325 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 2,580,049 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 3,110,392 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 3,630,096 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 4,276,077 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 4,897,600 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 5,319,201 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 5,910,455 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 6,151,935 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 6,301,908 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 6,709,343 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19
re were 7,701,656 mutual fund shareholder accounts in 19

This year our policy owners will share the biggest dividend package ever.



It's no surprise package

We've been declaring annual dividends for well over a century. And every single year for quite a while, our dividend package has kept getting bigger.

Needless to say, this pleases our millions of policy owners. That's because we're a mutual company—we have no stockholders and pay dividends to our policy owners only.

Take this year, for instance. Thanks to record-high dividends, the cost of our life insurance to millions of policy owners is lower than it's ever been. And the kind of service our Agents can give you is like a bonus on top of the dividend.

Why not wrap up your family's financial security with a good sound company like New York Life?

New York Life Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10010
Life, Group and Health Insurance,
Annuities, Pension Plans.



Contents

APRIL 24, 1967 Volume 26, No. 17

Cover photograph by Walter Dons Jr.

22 A Roar for Roger

The Cardinals go off to a hot start at St. Louis fans found a new hero in a hustling Roger Maris

28 The Fans Get the Booby Prize

The basketball was excellent, but the behavior of spectators nearly spoiled the NBA playoffs

32 Winning One for the Rocket

A combination of race and mystique lifted Montreal past New York into the Stanley Cup finals

36 A New Look at Augusta

Some reasons, concerning both the golfers and the course, why the Masters was different this year

42 But Who Was on Third?

The cult of comp extends into sport, where the searcher for meaningful trivia has a field day

52 Crab Cakes and Tall Timber

The race lasts only a few minutes, but the parties surrounding the Maryland Hunt go on for 48 hours

80 No Weeds on the Front Lawn

An increasing number of people are living on water in everything from expensive yachts to old scows

The departments

- | | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 74 Horse Racing |
| 60 People | 103 Baseball's Week |
| 62 Bridge | 104 For the Record |
| 65 Badminton | 106 19th Hole |
| 68 Soccer | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Linen, President; G. W. Brunsburgh, Treasurer; Bernard Berman, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage at cash, Commercial U.S. subscriptions \$8 a year; Alaska, Canada, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year; all others \$14 a year.

Credits on page 104

Next week

DERBY PROSPECTS get an earlier review as Dr. Fager's fine stablemate, Brunch, takes on Demarcus and possibly Reflected Glory in the mile-and-an-eight Wood Memorial.

JIM HALL is the Texan who dares to challenge Ford and Ferrari for the world sports car championship with his winged Chaparral. Coles Phenix describes boulder and bird.

A CAREFREE EXPEDITION in the Himalayas by three college students takes a grim turn when they decide to make an ascent on a treacherous peak above Teu Lapcha pass.



Dynamic Duo

Take one look at this new Varsity-Town sportscot and slacks Duo, and you'll realize that it can make you the fashion leader of any group. Going for you is a wide range of new patterns and complementary colors to suit your own taste, although you could pick patterns and colors blind-

folded and still come up with a winner.

And what fabrics! Exciting new blends by Stevens of Dacron® polyester and Avril® rayon. See these great sports suits soon, you'll be surprised at the fashion leadership that can be yours for about \$65.

Ask for Varsity-Town by Seinsheimer at

Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Jerre's, Chicago, Godchaux's, New Orleans, Diamond's, Phoenix, J. Bloch, Birmingham and other good stores across the country.

AVISCO FIBERS 
American Viscose Division

Hang your hat on Avril rayon.



Copyright 1997 • OshKosh Sportswear

FASHION FOCUS

SMART
MEN WITH
MONEY—
FASHION-ALERT
MONEY—
HAVE ZEROED
THEIR FASHION
FOCUS ON
OSHKOSH SPORTSWEAR.
THEY SCREAM
FOR MORE
OF THESE
GUARANTEED
BEST/PREST SLACKS
AND JEANS.
DO YOU
WANT TO BE
OUT OF FOCUS—
AND OUT
OF FASHION?



STRIDE • DUDES • TITUS • STANCE • ALL BEST/PREST

The Thousand and One Nights of Andy Hebenton

Most professional hockey players take pride in not missing a game, but one scarred old veteran made a fetish of it by GARY RONBERG

Among the ritual announcements that resound through the public-address systems at the beginning of all big-league hockey games is the inevitable list of players who will be absent from the ice because of injury. If you play hockey in the National Hockey League you're bound to make that list sooner or later, probably sooner, because big-league hockey is a rough game and skates are sharp and the puck moves as fast as a cannonball and the ice is hard and temperatures run high and hot. So how is it that Andy Hebenton, one of the hardest skaters that ever scratched the ice, played nine straight years of National League hockey without missing a single game?

With the eloquence of an old-time athlete more deft in the performance than the promise, Andy explains it this way:

"I guess I was just lucky. Sure, I had some hurts now and then, but when I got them bad enough to miss a game I was always lucky enough to have a break in the schedule—a few nights when I could rest up."

A scarred, craggy-faced veteran of 18 years in professional hockey, Andy, at 37, has grown too old for the NHL. They sent him down to the minors a couple of years ago, but even though he was pretty angry about the demotion he went on showing up for every game. In the middle of the season that has just ended, standing nervously at center ice in Memorial Arena in Victoria, B.C., Andy was honored for having played in 1,000 consecutive professional hockey games.

On ice stacked with \$6,000 worth of color television, golf clubs, stereo equipment and birthday cake, the bruised old campaigner shifted from one skate to another and glanced bright-eyed at his wife, Gail, while everybody applauded. Then, awkwardly, he stepped to the microphone and said, "Thank you very

much, but I really don't deserve all this."

Big-time hockey is played by men who take great pride in being bloodied beyond recognition one minute and getting stitched and patched to go back on the ice the next. But Joe Evans, a retired defenseman who played with Hebenton when he was on the way up, believes there were nights when Andy carried the tradition a bit too far. "He says he's been lucky," says Evans. "He says he's managed to escape a lot of injuries other guys got. Well, hell, I know Andy and I know some of the guys he played with up there. They said there were nights he should have quit—just like everybody else—but that he went out and played anyway. They also say nobody's ever gonna do what he's done again."

Hebenton was playing with Victoria in the Western League when New York brought him up in 1955. He played with the Rangers for eight years, and then he was traded to Boston. During his nine NHL years Hebenton averaged 21 goals and 22 assists per year. During the 1958-59 season, skating on a line with Red Sullivan at center and Camille Henry at the other wing, he scored 33 goals and set up 29 more.

When the Bruins demoted him to Portland, Ore., in 1964 Andy was bitter about it. He needed one more year to become eligible for the pension awarded all players completing 10 or more seasons in the NHL, and he knew he was better than many of the players Boston kept. But he dutifully went to Portland, scored 74 points and led the Buckaroos to a season's-end playoff championship.

Hebenton was in the big league long enough to establish a record for consecutive games played—630. The closest he ever came to missing a game was in 1957, the year in which he won the Lady Byng Memorial Trophy for being the league's most gentlemanly player, in

continued

Is a
man a man
if he reads
May
BH&G
?



No! He's a
husband!

And here's what he'll be reading: Ten misunderstood facts about life insurance. Twelve typical houses—and how we changed their faces. What your family should know about the proper use of drugs. Special chart: Remodeling costs versus resale value. A portable camp kitchen you can build. Dutch elm disease roundup. More of America's best auto tours. Where does money trouble start? Plus dozens of other ideas for the family man.

Circulation:
7,000,000

Gardening is fun with

HAHN-ECLIPSE POW-R-BOY® 200



Safe, too. You start the blade only after you are safely seated. Starts and stops smoothly without bucking. Parks safely on slopes. Full floating mower unit won't scalp turf. Has 5-speed transmission and meets ASA Safety Code.

HAHN-ECLIPSE

Write for literature
to Hahn-Eclipse Co.,
Evansville, Ind. 47717
Dept. SE-427

Nikon F, the choice of photo journalists the world over, the earnest camera for people in earnest about photography. Available with standard prism reflex finder, or interchangeable Prismaq T thru-the-lens meter system. See your dealer for details, or write: Nikon Inc., Garden City, New York 11533. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.O.)

Today there's almost no other choice.



1,001 Nights *continued*

a game in New York, Andy caught a stick in the eye. Afterward the lid started to puff up. "It shut so tight I couldn't see at all," Heberton remembers, "but somehow our club doctor managed to squeeze drops of some kind into it the next night in Montreal. The eye opened up a little—just enough so that I could get into the game." Heberton played a year at Portland, then was brought back to Victoria, and since returning to the Western League he has played in more than 400 consecutive games, including playoff games, which neither the National nor Western League recognizes as part of his record. Andy had actually played in 1,076 games on the night he was feted.

If there was a year when it appeared Andy would finally sit one out, the current season appeared to be it, the way things were going for Victoria. Of Andy's 21 teammates, 18 missed games with everything from broken toes to headaches and the virus, but Heberton kept right on going. One reason may be his off-season regimen. Instead of playing golf or lying around on some beach, Andy spends his summers carrying and laying cement for a Victoria contractor. This, he says, has been a major factor in keeping him in games he ordinarily might have missed. "How long has he been playing pro?" asks Victoria Coach Frank Maro. "Eighteen years? Well I'll tell you, the physical condition this guy's in, it'll take another eighteen years for him to get out of shape."

Exploiting his physique to its full advantage, Heberton, 5'9", 185 pounds, patrols his wing with the style and finesse that only a player who has spent ample time in the NHL can acquire. From Vancouver to San Diego, in the smaller arenas up and down the West Coast, Heberton is respected as one of the boss men of the Western League. They call him a "bap skater"—not in the jive sense, but because he shuffles forward like a hippy old washerwoman. But he can sweep powerfully into the corners, chasing the puck and sending swift, true passes to his linemates. Andy is still hoping for one more year in the big time—perhaps with one of the teams added to the newly expanded league. "Sure I want it for the pension," he admits, "but I also got the biggest thrills of my life when I was up there playing against the best. Hockey is all I know. I'd like to play it with the best just once more."

END

After envying the Millers for 2 years, the Fays caught up to them in 28 minutes.

It wasn't just a case of envy: the Fays needed the second car.

The hard part was waiting 2 years.

The easy part was financing the car, the car insurance and creditor life insurance with the General Motors dealer who uses GMAC.

In 28 minutes.

Doesn't that make more sense than spending time shuttling around to three different places?

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac and GMC Truck dealers all over the country can tailor a GMAC payment plan for you. And there are Frigidaire dealers who can arrange for you to buy a kitchenful of appliances on the GMAC Plan.

Of course, the GMAC Plan will help you pay for your first car.

So you can start catching up with the Fays.



General Motors Acceptance Corporation

**Booming surf.
Rakish beauty.
Wild bikinis.
Spitfire Mk2.**



The Triumph Spitfire Mk2 is built for people who still get a kick out of driving.

People who demand a red-hot sports car with instant response. Sharp cornering. Swerve-free braking. (It's English muscle embraced in Italian beauty.)

Plus safety features like padded dash.
Rugged steel frame. Steering column designed

to collapse upon impact. And all-around vision.

(A few reasons the Spitfire Mk2 was voted "Best GT-sports car under \$2500" by Car and Driver readers for the second straight year.)

You won't have any kicks about the Triumph Spitfire Mk2.  **TRIUMPH**
Just in it.

Triumph Spitfire Mk2

Suggested retail price, \$2199. East Coast POE plus optional extras, state and/or local taxes. SOCA-approved competition equipment available. Look for your nearest Triumph dealer in the Yellow Pages. Available in Canada and also for overseas delivery. Standard-Triumph Motor Company, Inc., 111 Gallop Place, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

**Recommended for
"Mature Audiences Only"**

Schwinn

10-speed bikes



New... Schwinn
Twin-Stik™
Gearshift



New... Schwinn
Lightweight
Chainpump



Schwinn
10-Speed
Detachable Gears

Remember when bike riding was child's play? Not any more it isn't! Schwinn has changed all that with smart sophisticated styling and riding comfort that opens a whole new world of the outdoors. 10-Speed gears with exclusive Schwinn-Twin-Stik™ controls that makes all cycling easy—up-hill and over the road. Bikes designed for adult riders were pioneered by Schwinn . . . quality bikes for those who take pride in the very best . . . so visit your nearby Schwinn Cyclery and enjoy the new spirit in the air—the Schwinn Spirit.

Send 10¢ for complete 36 page catalog.

Illustrated: Schwinn Varsity Tourist for Ladies \$72.95*

Schwinn Continental for Men \$84.95*

*Suggested price. \$1.00, higher west and south.

SCHWINN BICYCLE COMPANY

1856 North Kostner Avenue • Chicago, Illinois 60639



"Johnnie Walker"
Black Label

At \$9.40 a fifth, it ought to be called Sir Jonathan Walker Black.

The whisky seems to be priced for the nobility. Why not give it an appropriate title?

A tempting notion, but really unthinkable. Too much history behind the name. Our Black Label Whisky is called "Johnnie Walker" in nearly one hundred seventy countries, and has been so called for about a century and a half.

We believe it will still be known as Johnnie Walker Black a century and a half from now.

It will be the same whisky then, as it was the same whisky last year, last decade, last century.

It will still be a blend of forty and more whiskies—grains and malts—always including the supremely mellow Highland

malt known as Cindrie, product of a tiny distillery hidden in a valley of Morayshire, a distillery we are proud to own.

That is why we feel Johnnie Walker Black is a noble whisky. If you order a dram of it, poured over ice, and have your first sip and swallow, we think you'll agree.

The whisky has its own dignity. Indeed, so has the price.

Last November the Weyenberg Shoe Company wished us "lots of luck." We didn't have any.

What we did have since last November is trouble. Lots of it.

Just before Christmas, one of our delivery trucks broke down.

Julia Biermar (our eagle-eyed sole sticher) got the flu and was laid up for two weeks.

And there was a small fire on the fourth floor of our main plant.

We had lots of luck, all right. All bad.

But in spite of our misfortunes, every Portage shoe was delivered on time. Well, almost on time. Which is

still pretty good when you consider that more Portage shoes were delivered during that period than ever before. Sales were at an all time high.

And "luck" had nothing to do with it.

It's just that more people realize that with Portage they get a lot more shoe without spending a lot more money.

We sincerely hope that the Weyenberg Shoe Company will continue to wish us luck.

Portage
PORTAGED SHOES

And with any luck, we'll continue not to need it.



SCORECARD

THE SAVIORS

It may only be coincidence, but it is interesting to note that the two governors who told their boxing commissions they didn't know their business and then peremptorily killed the Muhammad Ali-Floyd Patterson rematch are members of the Republican Governors Association and advocates of free enterprise.

Governor Paul Laxalt of Nevada said Clay couldn't lose, so it was a mismatch, but if Clay lost it would be a fix, and either way it would stink up Nevada—which may be some kind of tautology. If Laxalt was truly concerned about Nevada's reputation, he wouldn't have waited six days to rush to its defense. By then Promoter Al Bolan had received authorization from the Nevada commission to print tickets and sell them in seven locations. What took Laxalt so long? Who knows? But the timing was beautiful. The day he decided the fight would give Nevada "a black eye," a state-hospital scandal broke and he signed a bill increasing the sales tax. Guess what made the headlines?

Governor Raymond P. Shafer of Pennsylvania, after talking to Laxalt on the phone for "about five minutes," said, "If the fight isn't good enough for Nevada, it certainly isn't good enough for Pennsylvania." Which tells Laxalt where Nevada stands in the Union.

A prizefight is unlike any other sporting event. It doesn't owe its existence to the little old schedule. A fight comes into being because promoters believe people will buy it. And the people of Nevada or Pennsylvania should have had the right to stay away.

But the match made sense. Both the sale of tickets in Vegas and blasts at both governors in the local press indicated it. Patterson is a valid and honorable challenger, and as Charley Powell, who fought both Patterson and Ali, says: "Of all the heavyweights, Patterson has the best chance of beating Ali." This doesn't mean it's a very good chance, but Patterson deserves the opportunity

to try as long as he isn't preempting any other worthy contender—and, at the moment, he isn't. And, although Muhammad Ali is a superfighter, he isn't a superman. By Laxalt's logic, Ali mustn't fight *anyone* until he slows up, the Mees shouldn't be allowed to play baseball, Jim Grelle can't run against Jim Ryan and the 1967 Masters field should have been limited to Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer.

MIRACLE CURE

What with all the fuss over the Ali-Patterson rematch, nary a word has been said about the Dick Tiger-José Torres rematch at Madison Square Garden on May 16. After Torres lost his lightweight title to Tiger last year, the New York State Athletic Commission put Torres on its "ill and unavailable" list because of his wholly lackluster performance (SI, Jan. 2). Since then there has been 1) no word that Torres was, indeed, ill, and 2) no word that, if such was the case, Torres is better. But—presto changeo—Torres is available.

Unlike Governor Laxalt, we do not presume to be a soothsayer, and the Tiger-Torres match may well be a hell of a fight, for they seem to be fairly well matched. Yet, the sport is not served by rewarding a fighter for not trying, or so it appeared—which, incidentally, can never be said about Patterson. If it had the interest of boxing at heart, the commission would have demanded that before Torres could fight again for the title, he first have another bout to determine whether he is willing and able.

WHY WAIT?

The PGA has more than a few rusty parts in its administrative machinery, but none as creaky as its method for determining which 10 touring pros make up the Ryder Cup team, the nearest thing to an all-star team in pro golf.

We find no fault with the requirement that each player must earn his way onto the team by accumulating points based

on tournament performances over a two-year period. What strikes us as unjust and antiquated is that every candidate must have been a pro for a minimum of four years before he can even begin to win Ryder Cup points.

The most recent competition for these points ended at the Masters, and four of the top 10 money winners of 1966, Jack Nicklaus, Phil Rodgers, R. H. Sikes and Frank Beard, will be missing from the team that plays the biennial match with Great Britain in Houston this October.

Can you imagine Richte Allen or Gale Sayers being similarly deprived in baseball or football? As for Nicklaus, who for five years has ranked with Arnold Palmer as the finest player in golf, don't look for him to play a Ryder Cup match until 1969, a full seven years after he turned pro. And he may even have retired by then.

ELEMENTARY

Since San Jose State is renowned for its law enforcement and administration department, it is not surprising that Track Coach Bud Winter should turn out to be something of a Sherlock Holmes.

The other night, when Winter was coming home, he heard a prowler in his house. Winter returned to his car for his



starter's gun, but when he went after the prowler, Winter found he had fled across a muddy orchard.

When the police arrived, Winter told them: "His stride is about 56 inches long. Note, too, that his left toe points out and that the depth of his footprints is about five inches at the heel. That can

continued

Make the Sensible to Allstate auto

**Does your present auto insurance expire this month?
Switch to insurance in the "Pay Less-Get More"
tradition of Sears and Allstate.**

The Allstate idea: more for your money

Today's sky-high living costs make Allstate a more practical choice than ever.

Thirty-six years ago, we had an idea for a new approach to auto insurance. An idea that would give you a common-sense reason for choosing Allstate. An

idea that means even more today than it did back in 1931. Today at Allstate, savings of 10% to 20% are commonplace compared to rates of most other companies.

It boils down to giving you more for your money.



Allstate's first auto policyholder drove this 1930 Studebaker

How the Allstate people can offer low rates

We threw out the horse-and-buggy selling methods dear to the old-time insurance business.

We replaced them with the big-volume, low-overhead, quality-for-less concept pioneered by Sears.

By slashing operating costs, we could pass dollar savings on to the customer, and still give better service for his money.

Six million Allstate auto policyholders

We figured our idea would give people a welcome choice and make a lot of friends for Allstate.

It has.

More than six million drivers have decided to put themselves in the Good Hands of the Allstate people.

And, we'd like to point out, the only way to make

that many friends is to be every bit as good as your word—and more.

More for good drivers

If you're a good driver, why should you pay the same rates as drivers who have accidents?

Common sense says this isn't fair. That's why Allstate offers special low rates to Good Drivers. Eight out of ten who switch to Allstate qualify for Allstate's Good Driver Rates.

More help—as near as the nearest phone

You get more than just low rates with Allstate. No matter where you drive in the U.S. or Canada, help from the Allstate people is just a phone call away.

Our staff of more than 7,000 claims expeditors is a good example. It's the largest full-time salaried claims staff in the world.

More convenient claim settlement

We've cut through the snarl of red tape to speed claim settlements.

Today there are 462 Allstate Drive-In Claim Centers (more coming) for the convenience of policyholders in cities coast-to-coast.

If you have an accident, and your car is safe to drive, you can have the damage appraised and your claim settled all in one stop—often in 30 minutes or less.



Switch insurance.



When I switched to Allstate this year, I found out I'd been paying more than I had to for my car insurance. Now I not only get more for my money, I get really first class service as well."

—Ira Hommer
Chicago

More convenient to get the facts

Next time you're in Sears, you can stop by the Allstate booth and talk to an Allstate Agent. It's a quick, unstuffy, no-obligation way to get the dollars-and-cents facts.

If you prefer, phone or visit a neighborhood Allstate office, or ask an Agent to call on you at home. You'll be dealing with a trained, licensed career insurance man who doesn't have to pressure you into making a decision.



He knows the facts are on his side:

Low rates and service in the Sears and Allstate tradition. A combination you can't get without switching to Allstate.

Does your present insurance expire this month?

Check the box at the right for some of the many ways you may save money with Allstate. And look at some of the extras you get in the way of service.

If you like the idea of paying less and getting more, make the Sensible Switch to Allstate.

It's the practical thing to do.



How many of these "Pay Less-Get More" features do you have with your present auto policy?

"Pay Less"

At Allstate, savings of 10% to 20% are commonplace compared to rates of most other companies. You may qualify for:

- ☐ **Good Driver Rates**
18 out of 10 drivers who switch to Allstate qualify.
- ☐ **Young Married Rates**
- ☐ **2-Car Discount**
- ☐ **Driver Training Discount for young men under 21**
- ☐ **Compact-Car Discount**
- ☐ **Low-Mileage Rates**

"Get More"

- ☐ **Help as near as the nearest phone** throughout the U.S. and Canada.
- ☐ **An army of helpers** — the largest full-time trained claims staff in the world.
- ☐ **More than 1600 service locations** for your convenience.
- ☐ **462 Drive-In Claim Centers** — easy and convenient — fast and thorough.
- ☐ **Claims settled promptly** — usually within 30 days.
- ☐ **Professional know-how**
- ☐ **Sears' kind of reliability**

(Most of Allstate's savings, features and discounts are available to those who qualify in almost all states. Standard rates in Massachusetts with standard repair figures will be \$100 and \$200.)

ALLSTATE INSURANCE COMPANIES, FIDELITY & GUARANTY

You're in
good hands
with Allstate®

SHIP SHAPE



Windjammers—the saltiest boat shoes that ever came aboard.

Don't go near the water without the real article—and these new shoes are it. Up top, they're sturdy canvas duck bound for action. Inside is the exclusive Posture Foundation wedge to keep your sea legs sturdy. Decksides is a new ribbed sole tested for grip-power under all conditions. And it's all wrapped up with a fit that feels like 30 knots.

If you want to be seaworthy, it's worth seeing your B.F. Goodrich dealer Shape up in a pair of new Windjammers—and ship out in style today!

B.F. Goodrich

When you're miles away from nowhere, you need

the radio with the reach



- Boosts incoming signal through two IF amplification stages for clear reception in fringe signal areas
- Solid state (8 transistors) for reliability, instant sound
- Tuned RF stage helps reject unwanted stations
- Variator assures uniform performance under varying temperatures
- Works from 17D batteries or from house current

Manufacturer's suggested retail price \$27.95
MSRP



MOTOROLA

SCORECARD

mean only one thing: he's not a sprinter. The man has to be exceptionally short, probably heavyset and he runs on his heels. Since he cleared a seven-foot fence to get away, he has to be agile, but he can't run, even considering he was moving on a heavy track. Another thing, he can't be very smart. He was obviously after money, so why should he pick out a track coach?"

WHITEWASH

For South Africa's whites, sport amounts to a national obsession. But because of *apartheid*, the time may come when they can no longer enjoy international competition. Indeed, the prospect is almost as disturbing as having to sit next to a Kaffir in a movie. So last week, Prime Minister Balthazar Vorster made what appeared to be a calculated bid for South Africa's continuing participation in world sport.

Vorster announced that racially mixed teams could play against white South African teams provided they were traditional opponents—i.e., Britain and New Zealand. He excluded the West Indies, Fiji, India and Pakistan, which have nonwhite world-class cricket and Rugby teams. Serving notice that *apartheid* would be maintained in domestic sport, Vorster declared that although his government would not prescribe to the selectors of overseas teams whom they could pick ("provided people do not seek to make political capital out of the matter"), other countries must not dictate to South Africa what the composition of its teams should be.

And, furthering his bid to gain South Africa's readmission to the Olympics, Vorster also said that henceforth Olympic teams would be integrated and would compete under the same flag.

Helen Samman, the lone representative of the liberal Progressive Party, retorted in parliament that the "slight concessions have not been made for the benefit of nonwhites and certainly not for overseas sportsmen. The concessions are anyway conditional, one of them being that the subject should not be dragged into politics. What nonsense! Why is the matter being discussed in the first place if it is not an acute political matter?"

In fact, the pro-government *Die Finkel*, sending up a trial balloon, suggested that South Africa will ease its sports *apartheid* only if it is allowed to take part in the Olympics. If this is the case,

continued

Something great has come to pass.



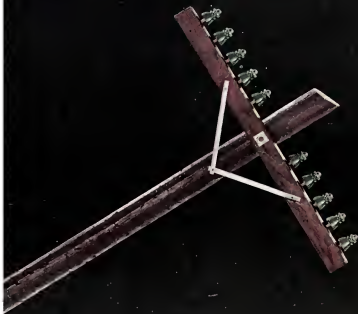
The modified Opel. We created a rally machine with power brakes all around and discs in front. We added radial ply tires and larger wheels. And we modified our basic engine with twin carbs and exhausts. So it turns out 24% more horsepower. Then we overhauled the looks. We did it with rally lights and stripes and a choice of sharp exterior colors. Inside we included a 3-spoke simulated wood wheel and a sport shift console with gauges. Then we tagged all this with a low price. It's the one item we modified the least. And that's something pretty great all by itself.

Buick's new Opel Rallye. \$2192.*



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price p.o.e. East Coast (slightly higher West Coast). Includes Federal Excise Tax, suggested dealer delivery and handling charge. Transportation charges, accessories, optional equipment, state and local taxes are additional.

**This pole is a victim
of the underground.**





GT&E is involved in a movement to put phone cables underground in areas served by General Telephone Operating Companies. With other GT&E companies like Automatic Electric and Lenkurt Electric helping, new ideas keep coming. New style telephones. New service features. Innovation from the GT&E family brings *your* family a better world.

Innovation in communications
comes from GT&E. Expect it anytime from
any member of the family.



General Telephone Operating Companies

General Telephone Directory Company

Automatic Electric

Lenkurt Electric

Sylvania Electric Products

GT&E Laboratories

GT&E International

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS 

750 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017



Tiffany Eubank says,
"Usher's Green Stripe
is the first light Scotch"

As well she might. Usher's is the first light Scotch, the Scotch that started the move to lightness. 100 years ago, all Scotches were pretty hard to take. Then Andrew Usher made the first light, smooth Scotch. He marked it with a Green Stripe. Just for good luck.

IMPORTED...BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
80 & Proof, The J&A Gammie Co., New York, N.Y. © 1987



SCORECARD *continued*

Vorster's gestures seem doomed, for the IOC has stated that South Africa can compete only if it renounces all racial discrimination in sport. In his cake-and-eat-it attempt to soothe the white voters and convince the sporting world that it can coexist with *apartheid*, Prime Minister Vorster looks very much like an also-ran even before he reaches the starting gate.

HOW LOW CAN YOU GET?

The three-second rule, widening the lanes, the no-dunk rule. Forget about it. The only way to keep the big man from dominating basketball is to keep him off the court. Which is what's going to happen in Barcelona on June 17-22 when the U.S., Spain, Brazil, France and the Philippines compete in the first 1.80 Meters Championships. This is a basketball tournament in which those over 1.80 meters, or 5' 11", aren't allowed to play. The U.S. team hasn't been chosen yet, but among the 75 candidates are Calvin Murphy, 5' 10", Niagara; Russ Critchfield, 5' 10", California; Vern Benson, 5' 10", Akron Goodyears; Mike Carson, 5' 9", San Francisco, and Jim Coleman, 5' 9", Jamaco Saints.

So how are you going to stop the 5' 11" center?

SCORING THE SCORING

Last week we reported how CBS is altering, however slightly, the venerable game of soccer so it can squeeze in the commercials. But that ain't all. Now we learn that the National Professional Soccer League has changed the traditional way of determining league standings.

Throughout the world a team gets two points for winning, one for tying and none for losing, as in ice hockey. But the NPSL, fearing this would stimulate stalling and thereby bore American fans, has devised a 6-3-0 system, plus a bonus point for each of the first three goals a team makes, win, lose or draw.

Not only does this cockamamie idea appall us, it even appalls Sir George Graham of Scotland, the executive secretary of the NPSL. "It will never work in this world," says Sir George. "The Americans can change football and baseball rules to suit themselves. Those are American games. But soccer's universal. One hundred and thirty countries play it. Now America takes up the sport as the 131st country and has to Americanize it. Although these new rules were set up to make the matches more even, the strong

continued

The harder they try, the better we get.

If you think being number two and fighting to get on top gives you a reason for trying hard, consider being on top and fighting to stay there.

You try harder to hang on to what you've got than you do to get something you never had in the first place.

Which is why Hertz isn't about to be out-tried.

Our soap bill went up \$13,000 last year. We've been washing our new Fords a lot.

Our employees have risen to our competitor's challenge. In the last couple of months, we've been swamped with nice letters about Hertz people going to ridiculous extremes to please customers.

A Hertz girl in Oklahoma City sewed a button on a customer's coat.

A Hertz man in Brownsville,

Texas took a customer with a toothache to his dentist.

A Hertz man in Greenwood, Mississippi drove five miles to get a quart of milk for a customer with ulcers.

No, Hertz people don't have to do these things.

But when you're number one in rent-a-cars and have a competitor who's just dying to see you become number two, you do things you don't have to do.

If you have a pleasant experience when you rent from Hertz, don't thank us. Thank our competition.

They're making us so good, they'll never catch us.

Hertz



It's the underdog that's keeping the top dog on top.

How to get extra mileage



out of an unsafe tire

The highway is no place for a tire that has outlived its usefulness and its safety. Even the superb Dayton Thorobred Blue Ribbon eventually reaches a point where it belongs in some backyard on the end of a rope. So if your tires are down past that last 2/32" of tread design—give a thought to the risks you are taking. Stop by your Dayton Tire dealer and equip your car with safe, long mileage tires from the highly respected Dayton Thorobred line. You'll feel happier ... and so will the kids on their new swing.



Dayton Thorobred Tires

THE DAYTON TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO 45401

SCORECARD continued

team will almost always be the one to get the bonus points and the league winner could be decided by the end of June. For example, in a 3-2 game, the winner will get nine points, the loser two. Once the stronger team got its three goals, it would spend the rest of the game stalling, thereby defeating one of the main reasons for changing the rule. Or, just as bad, in a match between two weak teams with poor defenses, the score could be 3-3 or six points each, whereas with two strong teams playing with good defenses, the game might end 0-0 or three points apiece."

Well scored, Sir George.

KENNECOTT'S CHOICE

Last month we deplored Kennecott Copper's intention to mine its claim in Washington's North Cascades. Since then, Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman, speaking at the Sierra Club Wilderness Conference in San Francisco, appealed to Kennecott to abandon its plans.

However, last week C. D. Michaelson, vice-president in charge of mining for Kennecott, told *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* that the company will begin work "as soon as the snows melt." Michaelson said that Freeman had never asked Kennecott not to mine. "He may have told the Sierra Club, but that's not telling us," Michaelson said. "Of course we're going to go ahead and mine. You can't desert property."

The annual meeting of the Kennecott Copper Corp. will be held in New York on May 2. At that time, a stockholder, Dr. Fred T. Darvill of Mt. Vernon, Wash., will add his voice to those protesting against the mine. Hopefully, Kennecott, which is not an unenlightened company, will listen. As Freeman said, its choice is one of "economics, of choosing alternatives; of balancing a priceless, yet intangible national treasure against ledger sheets and profits."

THEY SAID IT

- George Weiss, former Met general manager, on the team's chances this year: "Fifty-fifty. Some days they're terrible, others they're bad."
- Dave Newmark, Columbia's 7-foot center, asked how the no-dunking rule made him feel: "Smaller."
- Ronald Reagan: "We're looking forward to a great season at the University of California—if we can find a way to put cleats on their sandals."

END



Sunday special

Sunday is a special festival.
With special breakfasts.
And special Long Distance rates.
Lowest interstate rates are in effect all day.
Not just at night.
So call early, before or after church.
And you'll agree,
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



Sports Illustrated

APRIL 24, 1967

A ROAR FOR ROGER IN

After pleasing the St. Louis fans with his hustling play on opening day, Maris really captured their affection Friday when, on a routine hit to



ST. LOUIS

Roger Maris, erstwhile Yankee problem child, played gung-ho baseball for his new team and set the mood as the Cardinals raced through a wild first week **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

continued

left, he suddenly sprinted past first base (left), dived for second (center) and beat the throw from the outfield with a rousing, head-first slide.





The aging record player was laboring away in the spacious clubhouse of the St. Louis Cardinals at Busch Memorial Stadium late last Saturday afternoon, and Lou Brock, the 5'11" left fielder who had begun the 1967 baseball season with three tremendous home runs (he was to hit two more on Sunday), was listening intently. Roger Maris, a 32-year-old father of six from Independence, Mo., came over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Three, Lou," Maris said. "That's gonna start to put the pressure on you. You're already three games ahead of my home-run pace of 1961." The two laughed and then Brock said, "Roger, listen to this song. I'm gonna play it again. We're gonna play it all year long. It's called *A Fistful of Dollars*."

There was a strangeness to baseball last week as a new season began. Mickey Mantle broke his own injury record by surviving only three innings, and Willie Mays, normally a fast starter, was hurt in Atlanta. It was news when the power failed in Anaheim, causing a postponement of a game between the Angels and the Indians, and no news at all when the power continued to fail in Chicago, where the White Sox got two lonely hits against the Washington Senators but still stretched a game into 11 innings. They lost. Juan Marchal of the San Francisco Giants and Jim Kaat of the Minnesota Twins, who between them won 30 games in 1966, had a combined record of 0-4. And just when it looked as though the Baltimore Orioles were going to win 162 games and score a zillion runs the Kansas City Athletics put on their little white kangaroo slippers and scored 11 runs themselves to stop the Orioles. But even in a week when Ernie Banks, going on 103, rediscovered the Fountain of Youth, the strangest and loudest noises in all of baseball were coming from Cardinal fans as they watched Roger Maris' entrance into the National League. By last Sunday evening the Cards were the sole undefeated team in the majors, and the only things Maris had not done were to hit a homer and run backward up the inside perimeter of the 630-foot Gateway Arch.

All winter long the city of St. Louis had wondered about Maris, and Maris had wondered about the city. The trade that brought him from the Yankees to

the Cardinals for Charlie Smith, a journeyman third baseman, had raised some doubts. The things they had read about Maris in the past went against the nature of Cardinal fans. Things like, swings for the fences, jakes it, doesn't run out ground balls, tries to pull everything, red neck, plays for himself, gets himself out of the lineup and doesn't try to get back in . . .

All this was forgotten last week as Maris played the way players do in the baseball novels of John R. Tunis. He helped make the Cardinals, a dark horse for this year's pennant, look better than any team can possibly be. His presence more than doubled the attendance of the first four Cardinal games of last season, and it brought from Cincinnati's Warren Giles, the president of the National League, one of the funniest stories that he will ever tell on himself. "I put on an old hat," said Giles, "and a pair of sunglasses as a disguise, and I went out into the bleachers to see how things were going. When I was out there I tapped a man on the shoulder and said, 'What about Maris?' He isn't going to help this club, is he?" The man looked at me and said, "Mister, haven't you heard what happened to Frank Robinson when he got out of Cincinnati?"

Should Maris continue to perform well he will also put Lee MacPhail, the general manager of the New York Yankees, in a spot rife with irony. It was MacPhail who set up the trade with the Reds' Bill DeWitt that brought Robinson to Baltimore. Now MacPhail could become the man to make people forget about DeWitt for at least a little while.

Maris' fast start as a Cardinal was not something that just happened. Early on the morning of Feb. 28 he stepped from his hotel room at the Sheraton Inn in St. Petersburg, Fla., a city he remembered well. He had last trained there as a Yankee in 1961, the year he broke Babe Ruth's record and noticed that his hair was falling out. The decision to join St. Louis this season and remain in baseball was a hard one for Maris to make, because at the end of 1966 he had made up his mind that his career was over, and over on the lowest of notes—a batting average of .233, with 43 runs batted in and 13 homers for a last-place team. After the trade was announced few defended him, but the late Johnny Keane,

the deposed manager of the Yankees, was one. "I liked Roger Maris," Keane said the day after the trade. "He is a high-class man who has gone through a lot of injuries. If the Cardinals can get him interested in playing baseball again and he can stay healthy, they will have a heck of a good player—one who can make them a strong team."

Maris walked around the outside of the hotel and one of the bellhops came up and shook his hand. "I hope you have a heck of a year, Roger," he said. Maris thanked him. Then he smiled and said, "That would be a surprise, wouldn't it?"

As Maris stood there, Red Schoendienst, the Cardinal manager, saw him and asked, "Roger, can I give you a lift down to the park?" Maris got into the car, and on the way to Alf Lang Field Schoendienst told him, "We know that you are a pro and we know what you can do, because you've already proved it. Just get yourself in shape and don't worry about the hits in the spring. Get in shape. We've got a heck of a bunch of guys on this team, and they'll make it easier for you. Don't throw hand in the outfield. We'll leave it up to you, but we want you in the best shape you can get yourself in." When Maris stepped from the car he felt his decision not to quit had been the right one.

Maris produced only one homer in spring training and batted .225 on a club that had a team average of .275. But every time anyone looked up, there was Maris running alone in the outfield with his hat off, moving as hard as he could. "Every day when he was taken out of a game you'd see him in the outfield running for at least a half hour," says Dick Sisker, the St. Louis batting coach. "He was doing it all by himself. Nobody told him to." Still, when spring training came to an end, Maris had only two hits in his last 17 at bats, and Cardinal fans knew it; in St. Louis you grow up with a bottle of beer in one hand and a box score in the other.

Thus last Tuesday evening, with a chill in the air, bands playing and horns tooting, Roger Maris rode in an open convertible along the left-field line toward home plate in Busch Memorial Stadium for his debut as a Cardinal. He waved to people in the stands as they shouted his name, but he held his breath continued

Cheered in a pragmatist parade on opening day in St. Louis, Maris, more used to boos than applause, responded with a shy wave and a tentative smile.

for the reaction when he would be announced formally. When the big ovation came, he tipped his cap and scrambled awkwardly from the car to join the lineup of teammates on the first-base line. As he trotted to right field a few people in the bleachers waved to him, while others hollered encouragement.

Maris came to bat in the first inning with runners at first and third and Juan Marichal pitching for the San Francisco Giants, which is just about as much pressure as any newcomer needs. He hit the ball to third and, although the run did not score, he advanced the runner from first to second. In the second inning the Giants shifted the infield against him by putting three men between first and second. They were saying, "There's the challenge, Roger, baby. Be a hero. Hit the ball through it or over it." Maris never even stepped from the batter's box. He tugged at the black golf glove on his right hand and went to work. "It surprised the heck out of me to see it," he said later. With the count 1-1 he tried

to bunt up the third-base line, but fouled the pitch off. In trouble now with a 1-2 count, he lashed at Marichal's next pitch and punched the ball into left field for a single, but—oops—Jesus Alou, the Giant left fielder, moved slowly on the ball and Maris kept right on going and into second with a double. The biggest opening-day crowd in Cardinal history cheered. He bunted out his next time at bat, and then, in the sixth inning, the Giants threw the shift at him again. Maris pushed a bunt up the third-base line, beat it out, and a delighted man in the Stadium Club in left field kept hollering. "Roger Maris bunted for a hit! He bunted for a hit!" After that inning, when Roger went to his position in right field, the fans in the bleachers stood and applauded. He had showed them something and they liked it.

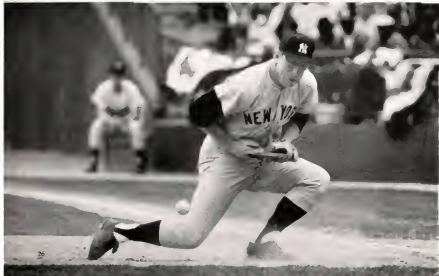
Two nights later the Cardinals got in an inning and a half of their second game of the season before it was rained out. With the rain Maris lost a clean single he had gotten in the first inning off

Don Drysdale. In six at bats against Marichal and Drysdale he had collected three hits, which is not what those two are paid \$100,000 each for. "The people were cheering for me," Maris said afterward, in some wonderment. "It's strange hearing it. Different. I enjoyed beating the shift, because it gave us a chance for runs with Orlando Cepeda coming up behind me, but I'm really happy because it's been such a long time since I've heard a good reaction. I guess, too, that when I beat the shift it made me realize that they hadn't seen me when I was young and first came up, and the things I could do then."

That should have been enough for Roger Maris and Cardinal fans, but on Friday night he put on a batting show that will long be remembered. He walked to the plate in the first inning with Curt Flood on first. A banner hanging in back of home plate read, "Welcome, Roger Maris." Earlier one had been draped over the fence in right field that said, "Beat the Dodgers, Roger," and before the

THE OTHER HALF OF M & M HAS A TOUGH FIRST WEEK

There he is, Mickey Mantle, outfielder for 16 years, and the time is right now—inning one of game one. All the things that are supposed to happen so fast at first base are happening. The ball is a hop-hop blur, a base runner is highkicking it for second and the batter is sprinting toward first. Feet not. There was no disaster.



game he had caught fly balls in practice and waved to the fans. Little waves, done with his back to the infield so only those in the bleachers could see. With Flood leading off first and the count 0-2 against him, Maris pounded the ball over Lou Johnson's retreating body in center field and to the fence 414 feet away for a triple. It set up a three-run inning. The next time up Maris singled and then scored on a double by Orlando Cepeda. But it was on his third time to the plate that Maris showed something many people thought he had lost long ago. Flood was on base again, and Maris pushed a ball into short left center. Flood went to third, and Maris could have stopped at first, but he has always been a smart base runner. Realizing that the Dodgers figured he would hold with a single, Maris put his head down and went on toward second. Ten feet from the base he went into a head-long slide and easily beat the throw from the outfield. Gene Michael, the Dodger shortstop, was obviously startled. He caught the throw, looked around slowly

and—peekaboo—there was Roger Maris.

That double did it. The applause that had grown louder with each of Maris's successes became thunderous. Cups and torn paper spilled out onto the warning track in right field and the bleachers were hollering at him through popcorn-cone megaphones. Whistles blew and people waved. Sportswriters in the press box looked at each other and then out at him, as if to say, "Maris, do you know who you are and what you're doing?" Maris made only one small gesture, for there was no way he could answer the applause. Standing on second base he put his hands on his hips and looked around the park just for an instant.

After the game Maris tried to explain the head-first slide. "I don't know why I did it," he said. "There was plenty of time for me to slide feet first. I don't ever remember doing it that way before. There must of been a reason for it, but I don't know what it was."

On Saturday Maris picked up two more hits as the Cardinals beat the Dodge-

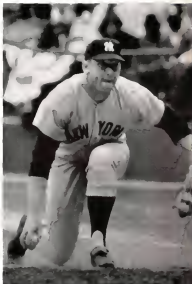
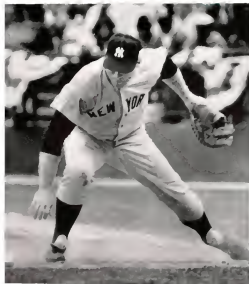
ers again, 13-4, and on Sunday he drove in three runs against Houston. All the Cardinals were hitting—the team average was .371, and on Saturday they had batted around in the fifth inning—but the kid with the biggest and newest toy was Roger Maris. "I made the first and last outs in that inning," he said later. "That's something I don't remember doing before, either, but the fans didn't boo me. The whole thing this week has been better than I thought it could be. When I went through the thing about retiring I said to myself, 'This is the only thing I know.' When you quit you lose a lot. My wife came here with the kids this week to see me play. Before, the only time they ever got a chance was when the Yankees went to Kansas City."

"I'm happy, and when I'm happy my wife is happy. I know that this week here meant an awful lot to her, just as it has to me. I'm crazy about this ball club, and so far I'm crazy about this city."

The city didn't seem to object too much to Roger Maris, either.

The ball careened off his glove, off his chest (below). But Mantle boxed it, stopped it, picked it up and got the out at first. If one batted ball means anything, Mantle showed that he was a first baseman. But two innings later, disaster did come—in the old-fashioned Mantle way. Trying to score from first, Mickey went around

second, legs churning and, damn, he did it again—a pulled muscle. The look of pain and disgust on his face as he hobbled across home plate was the most pathetic and familiar in baseball. Yet by Sunday, back in the lineup, he hit hard, made two fine plays in the field and seemed ready to rejoin Roger at the headlines.



THE FANS GET THE BOOBY PRIZE

The quality of basketball in the pro playoffs was astonishingly high and the courage of injured players called for applause, but puerile behavior by partisan spectators nearly spoiled the whole show **by FRANK DEFORD**

If professional basketball has escaped the appellation of bush, the followers of the sport apparently are resolved to keep it to themselves. Last week, in the playoffs in Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis, the fans behaved like hangers-on at a lynching, hurling abuse, obscenities and UFOs at men engaged in magnificent contests of skill and courage. In Philadelphia's Convention Hall, which retains sound and smoke with amazing tenacity (much of the smoke seemed to jet from the ears of the fans), they gathered to rejoice at the slaughter of the Celtics. And the Celtics died a horrible

death, 140-116, amid the vocal indecencies and the flying rubbish.

A more fitting conclusion to the years of Boston's supremacy occurred a few moments later, as the public-address announcer was imploring the souvenir hunters to climb down from the baskets. Bill Russell and K. C. Jones moved up the runway to their locker room. Suddenly they caught each other's eyes, and at once clasped each other about the shoulders and marched off together for the last time.

But life, just like these playoffs, goes on (and on), and at this moment on the

other side of the stage across the Hall, Wilt Chamberlain briefly kept the Philadelphia 76ers from their champagne to remind them that however great this triumph, the NBA finals were still to be played. The next evening in St. Louis, under a barrage of eggs that surpassed even the shelling in Philadelphia and Boston, the San Francisco Warriors beat the Hawks and won their way into the finals.

So the action resumed in Philly, where, despite all their warnings to each other, the 76ers did experience a let-down, though it was camouflaged by a



Cleaning up splattered eggs and other debris repeatedly interrupted play in the Western Division final between the Hawks and the Warriors.

fast start. Even the fans seemed drained by their emotional bungee in the Boston series. Convention Hall was not full, nor were the chairs pyramided about the court for better vantage for watching and egg-throwing, as they usually are. All of the Warriors were actually applauded when they were introduced, though those who had previously played for Philadelphia were also booed. But there was little noise, not even when San Francisco came rushing back from 19 points down to force the game into overtime. This period of surprise quickly passed, and the crowd filed out in a smug silence as soon as the 76ers won 141-135. On Sunday the task was easier, the ultimate goal nearer, and the fans were mostly concerned that they might not see the 76ers at home again. The Warriors shot a dreadful 29% from the floor as they worried about Chamberlain's blocking, rushing their offense in an effort to beat Philadelphia down the court. The score was 126-95, and the series was 2-0 and off to San Francisco for two more games.

Such an antelimbatic aura about the finals is not new—the annual futile effort to stop Boston in the East previously commanded the most attention—but it was never more evident than this year when both semifinal series involved bitter rivalry and recrimination. This spring in the NBA, April showers brought forth the mops. In San Francisco only one egg was thrown, in Boston it was eggs and tomatoes; in Philadelphia eggs, potatoes and coins, and in St. Louis eggs, Snickers bars, rocks and one Zippo lighter. So many Grade A's were hurled in Kiel Auditorium that when one arrived with 56 seconds left in the game, an observer noted that it was merely "the first egg of the last two minutes." The Snickers bars were aimed at Rick Barry (see cover), who endorses them. "At least my sponsor will be happy," he said during a time-out. It is significant that in the midst of this off-court chaos the players kept their heads and showed officials deserved respect.

Barry was the object of most of the St. Louis attention. The fans call him "Superbaby." They distinguished themselves by booing him unmercifully in the fourth game when he sprained an ankle and lay on the floor, grimacing in pain. Extremely conscious of his appearance, he probably suffered as much. continued



After ear-bawking and interference by St. Louis fans, the Warriors lived unformed guards.

distress when his gold pants split with 2:18 left in the deciding game and the score tied at 102. He wrapped a towel about himself, ran to the locker room and returned quickly with a new pair. Relieved, the Warriors went on to win 112-107.

During the game San Francisco Owner Franklin Miceli carried on a rear-guard action against the Hawks' Ben Kerner. Because the St. Louis fans had flicked the ears of the Warriors sitting on the bench and joined the time-out conversations in the fourth game, Miceli hired two uniformed guards to stand behind the Warriors. An elderly pair, they elicited guffaws from the St. Louis management, which claimed that one of the sentinels "was so old he had Remember the Maine tattooed on his wrist." Kerner also repulsed one cross-court Miceli guerrilla action by calling him "a cheap link."

Miceli was dressed in his lucky battle gear of the last few games—resplendent sky-blue blazer over a smart turtle-neck. But then he has his whole team one step ahead of the rest of the athletic world, sartorial division. The Warriors wear their own special raincoats (bought in Philadelphia, by the way). They are black with zip-out linings and on the breast of each is the little Warrior Golden Gate emblem and the player's number. Others in the organization have their initials instead of a number. Coach Bill Sharman has neither, because he did not want to wear BS over his Golden Gate Bridge.

Sharman's Warriors belie their name. They are as genteel a group as ever played for pay, young and skinny, with well-scrubbed baby faces. Five of them are engaged in church or youth work during the summers. Tom Meschery writes poetry. Jim King has a barber's license. Sharman calls them "my Sunday school team." Instead of champagne, the Warriors guzzled 7-Up to celebrate their win in St. Louis. There was a more formal victory party later, but Al Attles said, "A lot of us just went for the good food." Al is the player representative and his gentlemanly demeanor sets the example for his younger teammates. Sharman has not had to fine or discipline one of his players all season.

Ironically, the reward for all this clean living was a series of injuries that made it impossible for a single Warrior to par-

ticipate in all 81 games. (By contrast, five 76ers did.) The Warriors entered the finals with five major handicaps: Jeff Mullins had a severe charley horse, Thurmond and Meschery had broken bones in their hands, and starting Forward Fred Hetzel had such painful shin splints that he could not return to the lineup in the first Philadelphia game and played only briefly on Sunday. Finally, Barry's ankle injury was much more serious than most people suspected, especially those who dismiss him as a cry-baby. The sprained lateral ligaments not only produced considerable swelling and pain but forced blood into the area around the tendons. "Look," said Dr. James Raggio, the team physician, pointing to the Achilles tendon. "It's as stiff as a broomstick. When blood becomes, in a sense, a foreign agent, it can be more irritating than anything. Put a drop in your belly and you'll lie awake screaming. There's blood between Rick's Achilles and the sheath it normally glides against."

To permit Barry to play, Dr. Raggio shot the ankle with Carbocaine, a strong local anesthetic. Since the injection was administered as near as possible to the opening tip-off so that it would last throughout the game, Barry missed much of pregame warmups and all practice sessions. Sharman, an advocate of extensive shooting workouts, even on the morning of a playoff game, theorized that this was probably the reason for Barry's poor outside shooting. Rick was making his high-30s average almost entirely on drives. For Sunday's game Dr. Raggio agreed to inject the Carbocaine earlier, and Barry made the entire warmup. Still, he scored only 30 points, an ordinary night for him, not an inspired playoff performance. Until sufficient rest and medication clear up the tendon trouble, he will not again be the shooter who obliges opponents to double-team him—which probably means not until next season.

Without the injuries, San Francisco would have a chance to upset the 76ers. The potential is there. Alex Hannum, who coached the Warriors last season, says it is San Francisco, not his older Philadelphia team, that possesses the seeds of a dynasty. But a Warrior upset now would be a stupendous one, for the 76ers give every indication of gaining, with victory, what Hannum desires for them: recognition

as the greatest basketball team in history.

Chamberlain is without question the preeminent player in the sport today. But he is only one of four men in the Philadelphia frontcourt who provide such a spectrum of talent that there is hardly a way to match up against them. A fantastic one-man show by someone like Barry or Elgin Baylor or John Havlicek is the only hope. Chamberlain's helpers are led by Chet Walker, an All-Star himself, described by Hannum as "the prototype forward." He is a quick 6'6½", 200 pounds. Bill Cunningham, a shade shorter, is neither as durable nor as consistent, but he is capable of bursts of brilliance that often come as soon as he enters a game.

Luke Jackson gives Philadelphia much more muscle. He is a massive man, 6'9", 240, handsome despite a virtually shaven head that makes him appear threatening. "I want to give Luke a technical just for walking on the court," one referee jokes. Jackson was a center at Pan American College but moved a lot in the pivot and picked up a good outside shot. (Thurmond had to play forward when Chamberlain was with San Francisco, but Wilt says there is no comparison between the two; Thurmond was a misplaced center, Jackson is a natural forward.)

But Luke is also a mini-Wilt. His presence makes it certain that opponents cannot safely double-team Chamberlain on the boards. "They all play me the same way," Jackson says, shaking his head. "Keep me away from the board." Jackson, of course, is often away from it because he has such a good shooting eye and because he is utilized as a screen.

On the Warriors, Thurmond operates almost entirely around the free-throw line. He sets picks for Barry and the others out there ("They split higher than anyone else in the league," Cunningham says) and when his own shots are going in, Thurmond can lure Chamberlain at least a few yards away from the basket. On the 76ers, Jackson can fill this role, and Philadelphia can still keep its really big man, Chamberlain, right under the basket.

Add to this arsenal Wally Wunder Jones, who has emerged as the biggest overnight sensation in Philly since Fabian, and Philadelphia has, suddenly, the complete backcourt too. All-Star Hal Greer is the outer guard, of course, and the steady improvement of the substitute,



Overpowering against the Warriors, as he was in the Boston series, Chamberlain flips the ball to Gorkas (14) as defenders watch helplessly.

rookie Matt Guokas, is a bonus. Without much warning, Jones, who had averaged 13.2 during the season, hit for at least 21 in four of the five Boston games, 30 in the San Francisco opener, 16 in the second game. But it is less important how many he scores than how he scores them—usually in bunches. He hit eight of nine to blow open the final Boston game in the third quarter, six of eight in the opening quarter against the Warriors, often from far out. His bulletlike shooting stance—rear out one way, legs two other ways, arms flung wide—is the best part of the act.

Wally's sudden development eliminated the one edge the Warriors had—in the backcourt, where they have their own brand new star, Mullins, two other good shooters, King and Paul Neumann, and Attles, a little strong man who can be counted on to play Greer as well as any-

one, perhaps, but K. C. Jones. Wally Wonder's shooting takes the pressure off Greer and he keeps Attles out of the game, because Sharman must go with his best offensive men to stay in contention. For the same reason Boston had to rely more on Larry Siegfried's shooting than K. C.'s defense. Greer and Jones made 62 points in the opener of the finals, which was particularly exasperating for San Francisco, since a gigantic effort by Thurmond—outrebounding Wilt 23-16 in the second half—and by Meschery resulted in the Warriors almost matching the 76ers on the boards (85-87). Finally catching the 76ers at 128 all, they had the ball with about 10 seconds left when Barry made his move. He cut right, gained a half-step lead on Walker and was going for the hoop when Wilt moved over to pick him up. Simultaneously, Thurmond cut from his high post with a clear path,

and Barry flipped the ball to him. It is their favorite play.

Nate went in for a layup, but Chamberlain wheeled, lunged and batted the ball away. Thurmond cried foul, but none was called. Still, there were scratch marks clearly visible on Thurmond's left shoulder where a man would have left his mark had he been going for the ball over Nate's left shoulder—which Chamberlain had.

As it turned out, that was San Francisco's last best chance. "What really hurts," Sharman said later, shaking his head, "is the way it happened, coming back, getting them into overtime and then losing—that's the worst way to lose. We not only get the loss, but we shake them up so that they'll really be up for the next one." Sunday's result proved this to be a rueful but highly accurate observation.

END

WINNING ONE FOR THE ROCKET

As Stanley Cup warfare began, New York's gallant Rangers encountered not only a better Montreal team but also the ghosts of Maurice Richard and other Canadian supermen. The result was sudden defeat by PETE AXTHELM

Phil Goyette of the New York Rangers had just scored to tie the fourth game of the Stanley Cup playoffs at 1-1. The Montreal Canadiens held a three-game lead in the best-of-seven series but the bigger, slower Rangers were body checking and harassing Montreal's lithe skaters so well that they seemed to be taking charge of the game. Still not quite convinced that the Rangers' dramatic one-season ascent from last place to the playoffs could really end in a humiliating four-game defeat, the exuberant Madison Square Garden crowd picked up a chant of "We're not dead yet." And when Henri Richard drew a tripping penalty that set up a New York power play the Rangers and their fans both felt very much alive.

Seconds later New York's Harry Howell steered a near-perfect pass toward Donnie Marshall, who was free in front of the net. Montreal Defenseman J. C. Tremblay dived to the ice and broke up a play that might have put his club behind. Another play started as the puck was passed along the boards. Tremblay, smallest defenseman on the Canadiens, elbowed his way between two opponents and took possession. Then he avoided two checks, skated smoothly toward his blue line and lofted the puck the length of the rink to kill the remaining moments in the period and end the Ranger threat.

It was a typical clutch performance by a man who is a typical Montreal Canadian: fairly small but very quick, a brilliant skater and stickhandler, and—most of all—a player who is at his best under the pressures of the Stanley Cup playoffs. Bothered by injuries, Tremblay played poorly in the first half of this season. He had what he considers a "fair last two months." But in the playoffs he has been simply tremendous, stabilizing

the defense and assisting the offense with two important goals. "The money is here, big money," he said when the semifinals were over. "And it seems that I play better when the money is on the line."

The entire Canadian team is playing better than ever now that the big money—\$5,250 a man to the Stanley Cup winners—is there to be taken. In that fourth game Montreal ultimately overcame a supreme effort by the Rangers and won in sudden-death overtime 2-1, to complete the sweep.

The Canadiens will take a 10-game winning streak into this week's final series against Chicago or Toronto, and since they are healthy and both their possible foes are pretty well battered, they will probably be favored to capture their third straight cup. The swift and smooth machine that destroyed the Rangers bore no resemblance at all to the crippled and discouraged group that stumbled along in fourth place for most of the year before the playoff money came in sight.

But there is more involved in the Montreal surge than cash. When you are talking in terms of thousands of dollars it may seem superfluous to credit victories to any tradition or mystique—but in Montreal the mystique is not superfluous at all. It is the basis of the club's success. "There is no doubt that this team is very proud," says Jean Beliveau, the captain, who predictably rose to the occasion with two goals and three assists against New York. "We represent all of French Canada, and we know that a lot of people are counting on us. And we are very conscious of the tradition we must keep up. There were some good men here before us, you know."

Twenty years ago Beliveau sat by a radio and listened to the feats of Rocket

Richard and Elmer Lach and Toe Blake, who is now the Montreal coach. A decade later kids like Jacques Laperrère and Yvan Cournoyer worshipped a hero named Jean Beliveau. Even the English-speaking players who join the club are swept up in the tradition that is passed down to every young hockey player in French Canada, the tradition that only two things in hockey are truly worthwhile—playing for Les Canadiens and winning the Stanley Cup. "I've been telling the younger players," says Beliveau, who is 35, "that they shouldn't miss any chance they have to win the cup. Look at a man like Bill Gadsby, who played 20 years and never was with a cup winner. That's a shame. Nobody should miss the experience of winning it."

Beliveau, a gentle and sensitive man who is undoubtedly the most respected figure in all hockey, is acutely aware of his role as captain. "When I first came up," he says, "Butch Bouchard was captain. Then it was the Rocket, then Doug Harvey and then myself. I'm following some great men and I want to be a service to the team. Being the oldest, I know that all the other players will keep going at top speed as long as they see me doing my best."

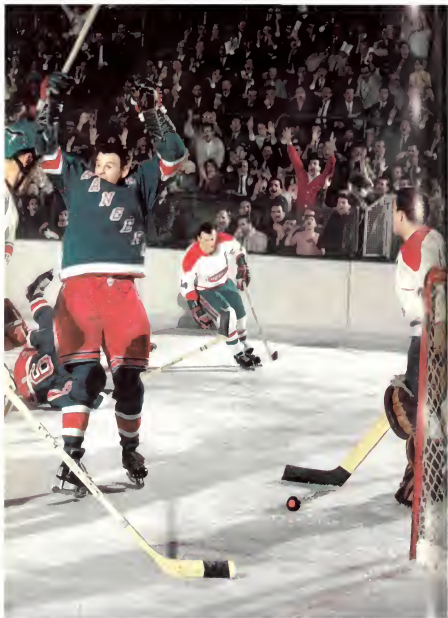
All the Canadiens had to go at top speed to beat New York last week; the Rangers played well, and the one-sided result is deceptive. "We won in four straight," said Blake, "but they were four close games that we could have lost. Even when we had them down by three games and scored the first goal in the fourth the Rangers never quit."

For the first two and a half periods of the opening game in Montreal it appeared that the Rangers had their eyes on the big money, too. Rod Gilbert, the team's leading goal-getter, had slumped

circled

Montreal's inspired rookie goalie, Rogatien Vachon, blocks a shot in first game as star Defenseman J. C. Tremblay (3) prepares to clear puck.





throughout the second half of the season but he scored two goals to lead the Rangers to a 4-1 advantage. Then, with 10:48 to go, Claude Provost shoved a fluke goal through Ed Giacomin's pads from the side of the net. Only 22 seconds later J. C. Tremblay scored on a long deflected slap shot, and the panic was on. Giacomin was visibly shaken, the Ranger forwards suddenly seemed immobile, and the defensemen offered little resistance to the deluge of Montreal skaters rushing at them. "After Provost's goal we hardly seemed to touch the puck," groaned Coach Emile Francis, who led New York into the playoffs for the first time in five years. "I was wishing I could have called a time-out." The Canadiens wound up with five goals in a nine-minute span and a 6-4 triumph.

It was about as demoralizing a loss as any team could suffer, and Francis had to use all the psychology at his command to keep the Rangers from collapsing completely. Somehow he succeeded, and they were not disgraced in the next two games, which the Canadiens won by 3-1 and 3-2 scores. The Rangers' performance in the final game they checked more aggressively than they had since their giddy stay in first place last January—gave New York fans much to be proud of, but it also emphasized that, even at their very best, the Rangers were no match for the hot Canadiens.

Stanley Cups are usually won with depth and all-round team play. Clubs like Montreal and Toronto, equipped with three fairly equal lines and uniformly effective checkers, generally fare better than, say, Chicago with its superstars. In last week's other semifinal series, two of the Black Hawk leaders, Bobby Hull and Doug Mohns, were slowed by injuries, and their teammates faltered so badly that they faced possible elimination by an aging and inferior Toronto team that had finished 19 points behind them in the regular season. The Canadiens' destruction of the Rangers was accomplished without going too far into the reserves. The stars got the job done. The Canadiens' big men played superbly while the Rangers' leaders had trouble, and that was all the edge the winners needed.

Béliveau, Henri Richard and John Ferguson led an offense so strong it

seemed incredible that, a few months ago, Montreal was the league's weakest-scoring club. "Early in the season our guys couldn't put the puck in the net," said Blake. "When you're only scoring one or two goals a game, you just can't afford mistakes. Now we can get four or five in a game, and one fluke goal by the other team won't beat us. That's the big change in this club."

While the forwards showed a new scoring punch and the defensemen overcame the erratic tendencies that hurt them earlier this year, the Canadiens also got superior goaltending from Rogation Vachon, the 22-year-old rookie who had played only 19 games after being called up from the Houston Apollos to replace the injured Gump Worsley and the ineffective Charlie Hodge. Vachon learned the Montreal attitude toward the playoffs very quickly: "There is a little more tension, sure. But maybe that makes you play better." The Rangers' Francis, a former goalie himself, added, "Vachon has been winning and winning ever since he came up. Now maybe he thinks he'll never get beat. And that's the way a goalie should feel."

Vachon's confidence may have wavered slightly when the Rangers pulled away to their 4-1 lead in the opener. Blake later admitted that he had been waiting for a chance to put in Worsley before Provost's goal touched off the winning rally. Vachon knew that once he sat down he might never get back into the playoffs, but he coolly refused to panic. "There was nothing I could do about the shots that had gone in," he shrugged. "I just figured I'd better stop the rest and hope for the best."

The Rangers were depending heavily on their own goalie, Giacomin, the man most responsible for their good season. But Giacomin, who may have been worn out from the increasing pressure he had faced as the Ranger checking weakened late in the season, had a bad series. There was the nightmare third period in the first game, and an equally shattering two-goal assault in the first three minutes of the third game. In between there were also some fine saves, but this was not meant to be Giacomin's series. It ended with an embarrassing blunder on the goal Ferguson scored in overtime to clinch the victory. Eddie blocked a hard

shot by Claude Larose and thought the puck was cradled between his right arm and his chest. As he moved to his right to drop it clear of trouble, the puck slipped to the ice on the goal line. By the time he saw it, Giacomin was so far out of position that he could only watch as Ferguson took two swipes at the inviting target and finally drove it into the net.

Up front, the Rangers suffered key injuries to Goyette, the club leader in assists, and big Orland Kurtenbach, one of their best checkers. Even at full strength the New York centers would have been unable to skate with Béliveau, Richard and Ralph Backstrom. The Montreal centers controlled the play for most of the series and took part in all but one of the Canadiens' 14 goals. "The centers are the biggest factor in the improvement of their club," Francis said midway in the series. "That's probably true," said Blake. "Especially Richard. He's gotten over all his injuries and now he's really flying."

It became clear early in the series that the Rangers would try to stop Henri with hard body checks. "I don't let that bother me," Richard said. "The checks keep me in the game. I don't mind mixing it up with those big guys." In the last game he even got into a shoving match with the towering Kurtenbach, who is hockey's best fighter. "Well, I wasn't really looking to fight him," Henri smiled later. "But I looked good holding him back, anyway."

"Rugged-checking teams used to bother our fast skaters," said Blake. "But no more. Since we got some big guys ourselves—Ferguson and Terry Harper and Ted Harris—we can hold our own in any brawls." Francis was not fully convinced. "You saw what happened out there," he said. "Some of those guys like Gilles Tremblay and Bobby Rousseau didn't enjoy the hitting one bit. That's why I thought we could beat them. But when we had them hemmed in, they would always slip away." When the Ranger aggressors did manage to catch their foes, they won most of the fights in the series. But the Canadiens won the games, and came out of them without scars. Going into the finals, Toe Blake says his team is "at least as good as the one that won the Stanley Cup last year."

END



AUGUSTA HAD A NEW LOOK

Reflections about the Masters, including an assessment of the changes in the course, controversy about the grass and reasons why for the first time in years the winner was not named Nickler **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

Looking back on the recent Masters Tournament, the first thought that crosses one's mind is that not since Sherman has there been so much strife over Georgia real estate. In particular, there was practically a nonstop diatribe about two new bunkers that appeared on the Augusta National course, to which was added a strident obligato of complaints about the condition of the fairways.

Even allowing for the fact that the headline makers at the Masters are under persistent pressure to produce newsworthy quotes on almost anything, including the local flora and fauna, it was a little disconcerting to hear Augusta National receive so much verbal abuse. For more than 30 years and through countless alterations, golfers have tended to regard it as one of the superb courses

of the world, perfectly groomed, lovely to look at and a privilege to play.

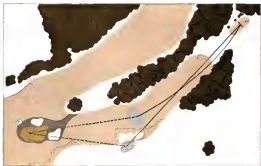
The new bunkers were in the driving areas of the fairways on the 2nd and 13th holes. They had been under consideration for several years, and they were finally installed for this year's championship under the supervision of Architect George W. Cobb. A month before the tournament, Chairman Clifford Roberts issued a press release describing the bunkers and suggesting that if they did not work out quite right they might very well be changed. Well, no sooner had the vanguard of contestants from the previous week's Greensboro Open played their first practice rounds on Monday than a howl went up, primarily about the 2nd hole.

"The one on the 2nd hole is a trap,

the one on the 13th is a bunker," said Ben Hogan. That was at the traditional Tuesday night dinner for past champions that is held at the club each year. It is the kind of function where old Masters are not loath to speak their minds. Of the former champions present, only Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus and possibly Gary Player were apt to be seriously bothered by the bunker at No. 2, but the way the oldtimers talked you might have thought the course had been defiled by vandals. When it was finally suggested that Palmer, the tournament's only four-time winner, make a few comments, he took the pragmatic line. "Well, it's there," he said. "so what are you going to do? As far as I'm concerned, I'm either going to go around it or over it or under



WHAT HAPPENED TO 18: The playing characteristics of the last hole were greatly altered by the new bunkers that are visible at the distance as Palmer drives, at left. Now, as the diagram below shows, instead of hitting straight and away from the woods at right, the golfer is forced to play a slight fade into a much more restricted landing area that adjoins the trees.



it or through it or beat it into the ground," which is exactly the way Palmer has been dealing with golf courses for the last 10 years.

At the Masters it is axiomatic that the place to get your birdies is on the four rather short par-3s. Of these, the 555-yard 2nd is the longest, but it is downhill all the way, and last year it yielded more birdies to the leading players than any but the 13th. The trick was to get the drive over the crest where the fairway takes a downhill turn to the left. The shorter and chancier route was to flirt with the large pines guarding the left side of the fairway, and that is still the only way to get to the green in two. The safer play was to drive into the wide-open spaces on the right and hit the second shot short of the bunkers fronting the green.

But into this safe-driving area went the new bunker, a deep gouge of sand with a towering white face. Of all the golfers at the Masters, it is doubtful if any but Nicklaus could fly a drive over this bunker under normal conditions—a carry of better than 265 yards. Everyone else now had the choice of risking the narrow lane between the bunker and the trees on the left or playing short. Once again the cry was heard that Augusta National was being tutored to

help Nicklaus and Palmer. But this did not prove to be the case. The bunker was equally troublesome for all. Because it extends across the entire right half of the fairway, it may leave too narrow a passageway to the left, but it certainly serves its purpose. Henceforth, birdies at No. 2 will be rarer.

The change at 18 is even more simulating. It may have come about because the sight of Nicklaus—on national TV at that—driving far to the left of the fairway in previous years and coming safely into the 18th green from that unexpected angle was more than Masters officials could bear.

The new bunker—it is really two bunkers, although Roberts regards it as a "huge two-sectioned bunker"—is a splendid addition to one of the better finishing holes in golf. The hole is an uphill dogleg par-4 of 420 yards. Along the right side of the fairway where it bends to the right some 230 yards from the tee, there is a thick stand of Georgia pine.

The well-placed drive to the middle of the fairway leaves anything from a five- to a seven-iron shot into the green. The left side of the fairway, and the well-trampled rough adjoining it, was a hazard-free target, and this was destroying the hole, which was designed to make the

golfers keep to the right near the trees.

It was at the very landing area of the drives on the left fairway that the new bunkers were carved. The first is an innocuous flat slab of sand, but the second, a few yards farther along, is somewhat deeper with a sharply rising face. From the first bunker any capable golfer who hits the ball properly can reach the green with a five- or six-iron. From the deeper forward bunker, one can still reach the green if the ball is not too close to the face. Such shots were successfully performed a number of times during the four days of the Masters. But the bunker took its toll, in part by forcing the golfers toward the woods on the right. At one point on Friday, four of the leaders came rolling happily into 18 looking for a nice pleasant par to end the day and got an unsettling bogey instead.

Except for some gusty winds that might have been a bit treacherous in a regatta, it would have been difficult to find a better four days for golf than those at this year's Masters. On Thursday the sky was a cloudless blue and the temperature midsummersh. Yet there were only five scores under par—a pair of 71s, a pair of 70s and Bert Yancey's brilliant 67. Jack Nicklaus began the defense of his title with an even-par 72.

continued

that did not disturb him especially, but he was far from happy over the condition of the course. "The fairway grass is simply too long," he said. "I had some good lies, but a lot of times the ball would just jump off the club from a flying lie. It was hard to tell what the ball would do. The fairways would be perfect if they'd just stop watering them and cut them."

The next day Gary Player, who had opened with 73, brought in a three-under-par 69, but he came off the course in something of a pique after bogeys on the last two holes had robbed him of a really spectacular round. He thereupon launched into even stronger protests about the course. "These are the longest fairways I've ever played on in a major championship," he said. "It's like playing out of the rough."

Fairway grass has always been a problem at Augusta in early April. The thick Bermuda base is still dormant, and when the weather is good you can almost see the winter grass growing. Jones and Roberts reduced this year's starting field to 83 players solely because time was needed to crosscut the fairways with two mowings before the first pairings were underway in the morning. The mowers were set at half an inch, but when the mumbly and grumbly reached Roberts he ordered the mowers changed to three-eighths of an inch, the lowest ever at Augusta. "None of us have ever heard of fairway grass being mowed

quite so close on any course," he said. And the next day Ben Hogan proved the course was playable enough by shooting his memorable 36-30-66.

Aside from assessing the role played by new bunkers and long grass, the most interesting aspect of the 1967 Masters is what happened to the three men who consistently dominate play there: Palmer, Nicklaus and Player.

It has become so commonplace for Palmer and Nicklaus to win (six of the previous seven) that their failure to do so attracted almost as much attention as Gay Brewer's refreshing victory.

There was nothing shameful about Palmer's fourth-place finish, except in Arnold's mind. To him, victory is everything and everything short of victory is nothing. As the tournament was about to start, he seemed toned for an enormous effort. He was feisty and fretful, like a fighter approaching a championship bout. He had a new mallet-head putter that he seemed to like, although he thought the shaft was just a bit "soft." He had the new aluminum shafts on his clubs that he had been using since winning the Los Angeles Open in January, and he had said several times recently how much confidence he had in them.

Ever since the Ryder Cup matches in Britain in the fall of 1965, Palmer has been playing the most consistently excellent golf of his career—driving perhaps 20 to 30 yards shorter but much more accurately and hitting far better irons.

Only his short pitches and chips from just off the green have seemed erratic, and the long putts don't fall the way they used to, but whose do?

Yet something of the Palmer of recent months was missing at Augusta. Save for a couple of abortive "charges," he was not striking the ball with that crisp, vicious determination that characterizes his winning days. He began looking at his aluminum shafts as if he had never seen them before, and after the first day he changed putters, going back to one of the flange models that he has done so much to popularize. On each of his first three rounds he hit his second shot into the creek on the 13th, a hole that has been an almost automatic birdie for him in the past. On Thursday and Friday he made only one birdie each round. And, as he said after his opening 73, "You have to make birdies here. I never mind making bogeys, but you have to make birdies." On the par-5s alone, he was four or five strokes above what he would consider normal. It was one of his least-inspired performances in a major tournament since 1965, and the fact that he finished fourth says all that need be said about Palmer as a competitor.

Nicklaus' dismal showing—how first time he has missed a 36-hole cut in three years—was less of a surprise because Jack has not played a good tournament since he joined the tour in Miami in early March. In fact, there are indications that while Palmer has been putting some middle-aged polish on his game, Nicklaus' golf has been coasting along on a plateau somewhat below the peak he attained with his record-breaking 271 in the 1965 Masters and the extraordinary season of golf that followed. He then seemed on his way to becoming a golfer of such strength and skill that he could win every time he really wanted to. Nicklaus does have interests besides his golf just as his friend Gary Player does. Both have won every major championship available to them (Palmer has yet to win the PGA), and when they sit down to chat as they did a month ago in Florida just after Gary's arrival in the U.S., they are apt to spend just as much time talking about their hobbies and their families and the number of children they expect to raise as they do about golf. When they do talk golf, it is not about the week-to-week trials and tribulations that make up 90% of the other golfers' conversation. Feeling no further

continued



IN BUNKER AT 18, NICKLAUS BOGEYED HOLE AND MISSED THE CUT BY A STROKE



This is the wildest the West's been yet!

Centennial Year at the
Calgary Stampede, Alberta,

Canada

Ever been in Calgary on the eve of Stampede? The cowboys ride in, the livestock is unloaded, and the city slickers are given until sundown to get into gear (levis, boots and Stetsons). This ushers in a week of official rodeo events and

unofficial highjinks. This year more than ever, because the Stampede is only one of hundreds of Centennial celebrations taking place all across Canada. And Stampedeers notoriously refuse to be shouted down. Why not come on up?

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU, OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send me the Special Events Kit that shows me how much more vacation my U.S. dollars will buy! 0086 03-7

AGE
MRS ☐ MISS ☐ (Please Print)

ADDRESS APT

CITY

STATE ZIP CODE





Charlie Smathers drove 250 miles on his vacation. (His car was never out of the garage.)

When you want trout, you go where the trout hang out. And no scheduled airline can take you right to the edge of that remote mountain stream.

But Charlie untangled that snag. He simply asked his Travel Agent to handle the whole trip.

First they put him aboard a big United Jet (charged the ticket on his United Personal Travel Credit Card). Then he polished off a six-course sirloin steak lunch. He took a short nap.

When he awoke at his destination,

there was the rent-a-car his Travel Agent had reserved for him (charged that, too). Charlie just piled his gear in the car and headed for that stream.

Now he's home, proud as punch, after discovering a new part of America... without backing his own car out of the garage. All thanks to the airline which flies to more of America, more often, with more jets, than any other.

Charlie loves to brag about United. Between fish stories, that is.



"The whole story is in the worst action, Ysee."

fly the friendly skies of United.

compulsion to prove their everyday abilities, they concern themselves with former golfing achievements, while it is left to Palmer to agonize over the weekly struggle like a rookie.

When the major championships arrive, however, Nicklaus and Player have shown the ability to shift into a higher gear, which makes it all the stranger that neither was able to do so at Augusta. Jack Grout, the former pro at Scioto Country Club in Columbus, Ohio who started teaching Nicklaus when he was 9 years old, blames Jack's troubles on a lack of balance and footwork. "He's got to work on balance and work on it and work on it," says Grout.

Nicklaus has a slightly different view of the difficulty, and the day after he left Augusta he began to make what would amount to a significant change in his game. As an amateur and a young pro, he had always faded the ball, depending on his tremendous strength to make up for the loss of overspin that one gets from a hooked shot. But after he had been on the pro tour for a while, where faders are not in fashion, he began to hook the ball. He once jokingly said, "You don't feel like you are part of it out here if you don't hook." It is the hook that has contributed to his wildness, and Jack is now telling himself he never wants to hit another one. He is working to regain his fade and was hitting the ball to the right last week in the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas.

When Nicklaus began this year with a win at the Crosby he had hopes this would be the truly big season—perhaps even the Grand Slam year—that he has shown he is capable of. Now it has become more of a rebuilding year, but there is little doubt that he will manage to get his swing grooved again.

Player is yet another case. He has flatly decided on a very limited tournament schedule, even though he knows that competition is the answer for what is wrong with his game. "My family is too important to me," he said one night during the Masters. "I don't want my children to grow up through years in which I have always been away. Right now I am playing a lot better than some people think I am, but I am not scoring well because of my chipping. There are not many courses where you can practice chip shots, and you need competition to keep them sharp. When you don't play enough, that is where it

shows." And it did show at Augusta, where Player repeatedly failed to save pars when he had missed greens. But none of this is going to change his plans.

"I have proved what I can do," Gary said. "I know what you have to do to be on top. But you have to keep doing it. You can be famous this year, have the gallery with you, but if you don't keep winning you won't have the same thing two years from now. You have to keep performing in golf, keep winning, and the only way to do this is to blot everything else out of your life."

"What I really hope is that I can keep doing things as I am now, I hope that a year or two from now I'm not going to suddenly think, 'Gary, you could still be the best, and you've got to prove it. You've got to get out there and play 30 tournaments and be the leading money winner again just to show them how good you are.' I really hope I don't decide to do that."

In retrospect, the final noteworthy thing about the Masters was something that has been thoroughly analyzed already but still must be mentioned—the courage of Gay Brewer. It was splendid to see and fitting, too, considering the unfortunate lapse that cost him the Masters on the 18th green the year before. But more than that, it proved that Brewer is a golfer who is now quite ready to win any tournament. Part of Brewer's success is that he struggled for a long time with a hook and has since become a fader. He has stuck with the fade, even on courses like Augusta, which appear to give the right-to-left golfer a big advantage. He has also made another decision: to become an aggressive golfer. After a number of luckless years, of which he says, "I had an inferiority complex," he read Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking* and two or three other psychology books. Somewhere they must have contained the message that a man with a loop in his backswing can succeed on the pro tour. There is no doubt that Brewer was both aggressive and nerveless on the last nine at Augusta. Nothing short of that would have sufficed to hold off runner-up Bobby Nichols, who also happens to be an old friend of Brewer's.

"Well, how about that?" said Nichols, when told last week about Brewer and Dr. Peale. "I didn't think Gary had ever read a book in his life."

END

ONE
TWO
THREE
STRIKES
YOU'RE
OUT



raisins

give the coach or proud parent extra energy to cheer him on. Tuck a pack in the batter's pocket, too!

YES, DARLING, BUT WHO WAS ON THIRD?

If you know, he probably isn't camp—but that's your problem. The thing is, sport is as camp as anything **by GERARD O'CONNOR**



The Green Hornet, Roy Lichtenstein and Tiffany lamps have something in common. They are all extravagant, offbeat, exaggerated and original. They all appeal, as Susan Sontag in her famous *Partisan Review* essay points out, to a certain "sensibility—unmistakably modern, a variant of sophistication but hardly identical with it." They are all, in a word, camp. O.K., but why has no one articulated the camp approach to sports, which would seem to be a logical candidate for the cult? For a starter, someone might declare an alltime camp outfield of, say, Pat Seerey, Paul Lehner, and Danny Gardella. The danger is that in a rush to acknowledge the campiness of sport one can easily fail to distinguish between what is pure camp and what is only campish.

For example, some people have identified the Mets as camp. To the extent that the 1962 Mets lived up to the fundamental camp principle of "it's so bad, it's good," then they were camp. But pure camp is considerably more sophisticated than the sentimentalizing of the Mets. While it might romanticize a Bummy Davis, it never fails to appreciate a boxer like Billy Graham. Secure in historical knowledge, expert in technical analysis, pure camp is, in fact, extremely suspicious of that just-love-the-Mets kind of fan, for all too often he doesn't know a Baltimore chop from a Texas leaguer, has never heard of Boots Poffenberger and screams, "Balk," when a pitcher makes threatening gestures toward second base.

The first of the four essentials of pure camp, historical knowledge, does not refer to an indiscriminating encyclopedism. Total recall, like that of the quiz-show virtuoso, Teddy Nadler, is not camp. In its failure to select, discriminate and evaluate, total recall is decidedly anticamp. It is not how much you know but what you know that makes you camp. For example, knowing the third baseman in the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance infield is camp, while knowing the pitchers in the double no-hitter or Hornsby's lifetime average is not.

This is another way of saying that camp knowledge is neither common knowledge nor meaningless statistics. Everyone knows about Toney and Vaughn, just as everyone knows about Vardon, Ray and Guimet, about the long count and the streaker game, about Jesse Owens in Germany and Battling

Sika in Dublin, about Billy Wambeganss, Jack Flock and Fred Merkle, and *many* more. Each of these is an historic occasion in sports, and anyone aspiring to camp status is assumed to be thoroughly familiar with all of them, and more besides. That means, for example, knowing who hit the ball to Wambeganss.

Statistics, unlike common knowledge, can be camp. Again what counts is not how many but which ones. Reciting Maunce Richard's career goals or Arnold Palmer's 1966 earnings is mnemonically impressive, but certainly not camp. A statistic must not only be safely unfamiliar (2,130 is not camp), it must be highly distinctive, if not unique. The 87 homers and 72 strikeouts that two National League teammates combined for in 1947 is an excellent example. Anyone camp enough to know those two offhand probably knows the identity of the last American Leaguer who, hitting more than 30 homers, struck out fewer times than he homered.

Camp knowledge, then, is meaningful trivia. It is knowing not merely who tackled Blanchard but who tackled Phil Colella. It is knowing who beamed Joe Medwick and who was once intentionally walked with the bases loaded. It is knowing where Ted Fritsch played college ball, who the other guard was with Kenny Sailors at Wyoming, what Olympic marathon champions besides Bikila failed in the BAA Marathon, which defending batting champions were traded. It is also knowing why Bill McCahan's no-hitter was not a perfect game, who scored the Giants' only touchdown in their two playoff games of 1961 and 1962 with the Packers, what right fielder threw out Johnny Pesky at the plate when he tried to score from third on a long single and, for that matter, what right tetter threw out Gene Desautels at first on his line "single" to right. It is knowing what Harry Greb, Willie Joyce, Fred Astorinas and Bobby Dillon have in common, how Milo Savage knocked Holly Stuns down, who the starting center for the 1946 Boston Celtics was. It is knowing the Suicide Seven, the Umbrella Defense, Apples and Tomatoes, Foothills and Mud.

These morsels of arcaneum comprise only a quarter of the whole. For as thoroughly grounded in history, particularly trivia, as a pure camper necessarily is, he is also extremely familiar with technique. He knows that a punch is "thrown"

continued



with the feet and not with the arms, wrists or hands—in other words, that the punch Clay used to knock out Liston in Maine was especially remarkable because Clay's feet were moving away from the direction of the punch. He also knows which infielders look at the pitcher and which at the batter, what body angle to assume running up a hill, why Freddie Scollari and Bob Cousy after him shot off the "wrong" foot, why the little finger enters first in the backstroke.

The spirit of unconventionality, that strain of eccentricity which Miss Sontag calls "off," is the third essential of camp. When pure, it provides the camper with irresistible charm. To illustrate that from baseball, it is Paul Lehner running around the outfield barefoot, Gene Conley and Pumpme Green boarding a plane for Israel or an angry Russ Meyer kicking the rubber at a call and breaking his big toe. It is not, on the other hand, Dick Stuart's self-conscious posturings or Clay's calculated histrionics.

To refine this definition: Stuart, although a genuine "character," knows it and exploits it. Thus his individualism is always somewhat compromised by his own commercialization of it. Someone like Earl Torgeson is much purer: he was once spotted signing "Joe Zich" autographs in a hotel lobby. This aspect

of camp has to be naive, oblivious of its extravagance, innocent. Danny Gardella hanging out of a 15th-story window to scare his roommate is camp, Connie Ryan wearing a sou'wester to the on-deck circle in a drizzly game is, too.

More to the point, things like Bummy Davis' Sunday punch (the left thumb inserted into a right eye), Murphy Chamberlain's body-checking technique and Bucko Kilroy's deadly tackles are all pure camp. One could add Al Maguire's hands, Phil Rizzuto's posterior and Gerard Cote's elbows. Certainly Al Maguire's career as a defensive specialist in the NBA was based on the skill of his hands: attached firmly to an opponent's wrists, they noticeably affected touch. Phil Rizzuto repeatedly offered up his unhelmeted backside to an inside pitch, simply to get a tying or winning run on base. Deserving of special recognition is the Canadian marathoner Gerard Cote. For, although elbows have been wielded like épées in the half-mile and mile for years (as Freddy Dwyer would agree), they have rarely been used in the marathon. For 23 miles, however, in the 1948 Boston Marathon, Cote fenced off Ted Vogel with his elbows. (In all fairness to Cote it should be added that it was not only his elbows that led him to victory. Crossing in front of Vogel and

then stepping on his heels from behind also helped.) Cote climaxed this truly camp performance by demanding, in the winner's circle, two immediate rewards: a big cigar and a cold beer.

That Cote's memorable performance took place in the Boston Marathon is no accident. For, unquestionably, some events are intrinsically camper than others. Some, such as All-Star Games, bowl games, the World Series of Golf, are hopelessly antecamp. Some sports, of course, are by definition uncamp: figure skating, horse racing, bowling and the various wide-wide-worldisms from log-rolling to bobbleheading, to name only a few. But distance running in general and the Boston Marathon in particular attract the most offbeat, extravagant characters competing anywhere today. Competing is a somewhat imprecise description, for the hundreds of runners who pay their own way to Boston every April do so for no publicity. Finishing the Marathon is its own reward, and the 26 miles and countless blisters only make it more attractive. At 5 o'clock on any April 19 one can spot some Cal Tech physicist blistering his way through Kenmore Square traffic with some Sandusky fireman, discussing whether they should stumble the last mile barefoot or sneakered. They are oblivious to the world around them, and it is oblivious to them.

This disregard for exhibitionism is absolutely essential to camp, for one of its great enemies is publicity. On the lethal rack of mass media many of the campiest of characters have been destroyed. Babe Herman, Johnny Blood, Walter Hagen, Lefty Gomez, Yogi and the most original of them all, Casey Stengel, have suffered tremendously from overexposure. Fortunately, Casey is such an original that he transcends all the sentimental nonsense written about him. But he is the exception. What usually happens is depersonalization or self-exploitation, *W.C.*, Joe Garagiola, Jim Brosnan, Rocky Graziano, Leo Durocher.

It follows that the very few extant originals—whom I will protect with reverent silence—are in constant danger. Even now it appears that the NFL's campiest character since Hardy Brown is showing symptoms of Stauritis. His fall from grace might be beyond his control, however, for TV publicity alone practically precludes any chance for innocence. Consider the following originals and be glad they lived in a relatively dark age: Ellis

continued

Quaker State your car—to keep it running young



He's ready to move. And his car moves best with Quaker State Motor Oil. It's refined only from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the world's finest. It keeps your car at its lively best and out of the repair shop. Ask for Quaker State. It's your best engine life preserver. QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA





It's sort of a



souped-down Ferrari.

The Volvo 1800S will do in fourth what a Ferrari does in third.

About 105 miles an hour.

Which, unless you're insane, is fast enough.

And while the 1800S may not offer you the sheer speed of an expensive GT car, it does offer you the same kind of styling and comfort.

It also offers you something else.

The economy and dependability of a Volvo.

In short, the Volvo 1800S is half souped-down Ferrari, half jazzed-up Volvo.

If you can't afford \$15,000 for the cream of the GT cars, give us \$3,970* and we'll sell you the half and half.

*SEE THE YELLOW PRICE FOR THE 5 GALLON RESERVE TOL. WE CAN ALSO ARRANGE DELIVERY OVERSEAS.MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE: BASE AND EQUIPMENT P. D. E. WEST COAST P. D. E. FLORIDA P. D. E. VOLUME, INC.

"Nothing else quite measures up"



Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon

THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

Photographed at Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase, New York

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • IRVING WALKER & SONS, INC., FERRIS, ILL.

Kunder, Fritzke Zivic, Tarzan Brown, Mickey Harris, Art Larsen, Pat Egan and Bill Bartko, Ed Sadowsky and Joe Fulk, Popeye Woods, Joe McCluskey, Ed Meadows and Jim David.

Style, in the purely esthetic sense, that inimitable grace that a very few athletes have, gives camp sport its final dimension. Those who have it are usually among the very great, but not all of the very great have it. Joe DeMaggio had style, and so did Jim Brown and Y. A. Tittle. Jim Pollard had it and Wilt does not, but Elgin Baylor did. In boxing no one comes close to Sugar Ray, in wrestling no one comes close.

The very great do not monopolize style, which occasionally redeems the average. In rare cases it even dignifies the inferior. Of the near-great there are many examples. Del Shofner, Terry Moore, Bill Sharman, Elmer Lach, Arne Sowell, Billy Graham, Frank Parker. There are also many superior stylists who do not come close to the level of achievement of the preceding group. Ed Macauley, Dow Finsterwald, Harold Johnson, Ray Renfro, Joe Kubel and Andy Bathgate, to name a few. Further down, one can cite the following as long on style but short in other areas: Mel Hutchins, Ahner Haynes, Luis Rodriguez, Vic Power and Wally Stanowski. Finally, there are those rare birds who have nothing but style: Jimmy Herring, the boxer, George Izo, Willie Miranda, Don Barksdale, Nicola Pietrangeli.

The campiness of sports today is much more common than people realize, and there is good reason why. Camp is simply the happiest compromise that the critical mind can make with the disenchanted facts of organized sports. No one has to be told that the Age of Innocence in sports is over. When Maurice Richard broke into hockey, he brought his skates, Bobby Orr brought a lawyer. Today quarterbacks and pitchers hold out together, rookies assess themselves at \$500,000, established stars retire to make movies, colleges employ red shirts and offer seven-foot high school stars everything but a harem, TV heats and the sport pages Bray. Camp, in short, is an antidote. It enables a man to sustain an interest in sports and maintain his sanity at the same time. With camp he can be both cynical and sentimental. He can accept the fact that CBS owns the Yankees and still be glad he kept his Nick Eiten bubble-gum card. **END**

The 1967 Mortgage Market: Where do we go from here?

by Otto L. Preisler

President, United States Savings and Loan League

In talking with knowledgeable and interested people from all over the country, five questions have been asked most frequently. Let me share with you my views on the answers.

How do Savings and Loans see the "tight money" situation now?

The situation has eased. The supply of funds in Savings and Loans has increased in recent months. December, 1966, showed the biggest increase for any December in history. The first three months of 1967 have also been good months for our business.

What are the prospects for home mortgages?

Certainly better than last year when funds were scarce and our volume of lending dropped from \$24 billion in 1965 to \$17 billion in 1966. 1966 saw adjustments in the country's monetary policy that drew some savings from us and caused a shortage of credit in the mortgage market we traditionally serve.

After a period of limited lending, some of our Savings and Loans now have a surplus of funds and, ironically, the demand for mortgage credit is not strong at this time because of seasonal and other factors. These funds stand ready for use. Couple this with the fact that there has already been a drop in interest rates in some sections of the country, and you see that the prospects for builders and home buyers are looking brighter.

Savings and Loans will continue to make more home loans than any other type of financial institution. We shall continue to be "Number 1" in home financing.

How does the home building situation look?

The slowdown in building is expected to be over around the middle of 1967. Production for the year will be slightly better than in 1966.

The homes built will tend to be of high quality with a higher unit value than at times past. This trend is gratifying because associations want to loan on the best possible types of construction at all cost levels. The Savings and Loans business has worked with builders for years to improve the quality of housing.



How do Savings and Loan Associations view the competition for the savings dollar?

Since Savings and Loans have adopted "dual rate" savings programs, with a higher rate paid on savings certificates, so they attract a greater variety of customers. The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation has raised its coverage from \$10,000 to \$15,000 and this is an additional assurance to customers who are interested in insurance of accounts.

Over the years Savings and Loans have paid higher returns on savings than any other type of financial institution. The strong inflow of savings and the increase in savings customers encourages us to believe we will have the funds to continue to be highly profitable for our savings customers.

How does the Savings and Loan business look now?

Our reserve ratios, including surplus and undivided profits, are at the highest level since the Korean War.

The number of savers has passed the 40 million mark and their savings with us are more than \$114 billion.

We believe there will be an \$8 billion increase in savings in 1967, as compared to the \$3.7 billion increase in 1966.

It appears that the mortgage lending volume will total \$20 billion in 1967, as compared to \$17 billion in 1966.

We are optimistic about the business of 1967.

Savings and Loan Associations

©1967, The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1011 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20004

Sunday, 9:15 a.m.
Final round,
club championship.
(You have \$5 Nassau
on the side just to
make it interesting.)

1st hole,
490 yards
par 5
Dog-leg right.

You open a new
box of balls.
101 compression.

If you fade
your drive over
the trap it
shortens the hole.

Automatically you count
your clubs, 14 of them
waiting in your Durotan
Hot-z bag, \$150.
Matching First Flight head
covers \$16, umbrella \$20.

You win the honor,
and will hold it
with this First
Flight African
sheepskin golf
glove, \$4.75.

The First Flight
steel center.
The longest,
most accurate ball
you can buy.
77, 88, 101
compression.
\$1.25 each.

Only a diamond has a
harder surface than this
First Flight Diamond
Head Driver. Custom
made to your swing, \$50.
(Golden Eagle or Golden
Arrow woods hit it almost
as far. \$27 each.)



It's only a
three iron
from here.

Short. Should have
hit the two. Got to
lay this chip up stiff.

4 ft. birdie putt
should break
to the left.

Good putt,
1 under,
1 up.

First Flight Golden Eagle
irons. Contoured sole
scale swing-weighted.
Two through pitching
wedge. \$195. Golden
Arrow irons, straight
sole: same price.

Everyone chips better
with a First Flight
Road Runner. If you
don't, return it to
your pro shop and
get your \$19.00 back.

A First Flight
Otey Christman
putter makes these
look easy. \$16.

Whatever you're
playing for,
you'll find First
Flight equipment
at your pro shop
to help you play
better.

First Flight ▶

Chattanooga, Tennessee
Custom built woods and irons
Steel-center balls, 360 2 golf
bags. All pro shops only.





Crab Cakes and Tall Timber

Next week's Maryland Hunt Cup, the country's most sociable roce meeting, will last all of eight minutes. But the parties that surround it will go almost nonstop for 48 hours **By LIZ SMITH**

The Greeks would have loved it. The Irish "invented" it. The English elaborated, refined and came to dominate it. The Canadians imported it to America. Gentlemen farmers in Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania and the Carolinas embraced it and imbued it with the full-blown mythology of southern sporting tradition. It is the steeplechase—a bone-shattering, horse-killing, no-money sport that flat racing's Eddie Arcaro once summed up by saying, "A man's got to be crazy."

The zenith of the equine running and jumping art in the U.S. is reached on April 29 this year when the 71st Maryland Hunt Cup Steeplechase is held at Glyndon in an atmosphere just eccentric enough to seem to bear out Arcaro's remark. The four-mile course over 22 solidly fixed timber fences is so rugged

that entrants have sometimes numbered as few as five and there never have been more than 22. No professional may ride in it. There is no grandstand, no music, no public-address system, no admission fee, no fixed starting gate. Neither are there pari-mutuel machines for betting or any of the commercial clutter commonly associated with crowds (hot dog stands, program vendors, etc.). What's more, there is no prize money for the winning owner, trainer or jockey.

Depending on the Maryland spring weather, 20,000 to 30,000 people will endure a mammoth traffic jam on back country roads about 20 miles from Baltimore. Then they will stand in the meadows of the Black and Brewster estates in Worthington Valley at 4 p.m. to watch this brief eight- or nine-minute contest of strength, speed and skill. When it

ends, it ends, for there will be no other events or races after it, and there will have been none before.

Why do they do it? Why, for the best of all possible reasons, simply *pour le sport*.

The social cachet attached to the event is tremendous. This is not to say that nonsocialites cannot and do not attend. They can and do. They come from the proliferating suburbs of Baltimore and from the slightly stagnant old city itself. They drive over the Appalachians and boat across Chesapeake Bay and train in from New York, Philadelphia and

continued

At Senator Daniel Brewster's, lunch guests dine for winning horse. It was not, alas, El Moro (top left), who went down on third fence.





Mrs. Gary Black shows the hunt trophy to her granddaughter, Carolyn. The Blacks' luncheon, in a Georgian house which overlooks the racetrack, is attended by as many as 75, including such wealth-clad guests as James Cowgill and Margot Mackenzie (right).



MARYLAND HUNT *continued*

Washington, D.C. They pay their \$2 parking fee (the committee is apologetic about charging, but somehow the mess left behind on the private grounds must be tidied up), and they rub shoulders with the elite of the horse-loving world.

But it is this elite—a hard core of old names, entrenched privilege and power, influential horse owners and followers—that dominates the Maryland Hunt. For these people, it is an annual old home week—a time to greet friends whose forebears knew their own, a time to draw into the charmed circle of reciprocal gentlemen's agreements between hunts, a time to enjoy the special intimate knowledge between friends of what living with and for horses is like. These are the descendants of people like John Randolph of Roanoke, who said, "I am an aristocrat. I love liberty. I hate equality." Or of Robert Toombs who pronounced, "We are a race of gentlemen."

Maryland is a sort of pistol-shaped state pointed as the nation's Appalachian ribcage, and just above the trigger, Baltimore, lies the village of Glyndon with Worthington Valley nearby. This is a never-never land of green rolling hills and valleys, miles of horse fences, wildly beautiful trees, neat frame farmhouses intermixed with impressive Georgian stone homes, tidy barns, healthy animals grazing in neat pastures, and, overarching all, the aura of the good life, a combination of old money, manner and mores. The setting is everyone's dream of how America should look, a prebilled heaven where the only prying ever to greet the eye is on someone's discreetly lettered mailbox, or possibly an explicit sign such as the one on the Alfred G. Vanderbilt property: SAGAHORF FARM, HOME OF NATIVE DANCER.

Just as they will pour into Louisville for the Kentucky Derby the following

Saturday, people begin to stream into Baltimore for the weekend of the Maryland Hunt as if their lives depended on cramming enough fun, food, drink and horse talk into 48 hours to last a lifetime. The strain on hostesses is terrific, but Maryland ladies are equal to the task. The area has always had a fine reputation for hospitality and delicious things to eat and drink. After the rare regional cooking and the peculiar superlatives of Maryland's own rye whiskey and bourbon, fun and horse talk come naturally.

All Friday afternoon, the Pennsylvania Railroad will be disgorging horsey types, some of them carrying worn riding boots in straw baskets. Round about one hears the typical Maryland greeting, "Hey," which passes for "hello." Or someone may remark, "It's beautiful certain we'll have a great race tomorrow," or, "I have the plane schedule here for you since you belong to be back in Wil-



Loudest noise of a Maryland Hunt weekend emanates from the Black Sheep Ball for postcollege singles at Green Spring Valley Hunt Club.

The surest means of transportation to the race is furnished by Senator Boraher, who shuttles his guests from his family racetrack.

mingion on Sunday night." Visitors cram into the Sheraton-Belevedere in downtown Baltimore or headquarter at the suburban Holiday Inn en route to Glyndon. The luckier ones travel on to private homes and estates near Worthington Valley. A typical hostess there is Mrs. Gary Black, upon whose land a part of the Hunt is actually run. Mrs. Black's impressive linen closets resemble those of a small hotel, and no wonder—she is not even sure how many rooms her house boasts.

"They say the back part of the house was built in 1645, but I don't believe it. It was an inn up here on the hill once upon a time, and I think everyone who ever lived in it added to it. It's too big, except for this weekend."

Mr. Black is the chairman of the board of the Baltimore Sunpapers, and he and his wife give a luncheon each year before the race. "We won't even know some of

continued





the guests," he says. Their invitation specifically reads: "Limit, 4 Guests, plus you both," but this is only a vain try at a holding action.

Friday night is the perfect kickoff for Hunt festivities with talk about past races and high hopes for tomorrow. This is the best time for newcomers to find someone still calm enough to recite the history of the Maryland Hunt—how it originated in 1894 as a rivalry between the neighboring Elkridge Fox Hunting Club and the Green Spring Valley Hunt. In the beginning the race remained local, reflecting the origin of steeplechases everywhere—friendly rivalries between neighbors jumping fences on the way home from fox hunting. "Race you to yon church steeple," so the origin of the word steeplechase goes. After 1903 the Maryland Hunt was opened to owners and riders who were members of other U.S. and Canadian hunts. From that day on, and especially after it was transferred to Worthington Valley in 1915, the race gained the horse world's attention. By now fans rate it second only to England's famed Grand National at Aintree—and some class it over Aintree.

But the comparison is truly odious, for there are very real differences between the two contests. At Aintree the race is a giant public event with both professional and amateur riders. At Maryland the field is never crowded, and the strictly noncommercial atmosphere is much more restrained. But the dangers are just as real. The fences are high, hard-post and rail, as stiff and unyielding as telephone poles. This means that the horse can't just brush over the top of a fence but must clear the obstacle. Several jumpers have been killed at the Hunt.

A very good place to get one kind of idea about the Maryland Hunt is the farm of the Janon Fishers Jr., where on the night before every Hunt a party is going full blast. Last year the tension produced by the rivalry between the Fishers' horse, Mountain Dew, and Jay Trump, owned by Mrs. Mary Stephenson of Ohio, was enough to cause a mandarin to start biting his nails. Each horse had won the Maryland Hunt twice; a third win would retire the cup. As it

turned out, Jay Trump, ridden by the same Tommy Smith who had booted him to victory in the Grand National earlier, carried off the prize. But before that happened excitement was rampant on the Fisher farm, and it should be again this year, for the Fishers plan to run Mountain Dew for another try at retiring the cup. Mountain Dew is always ridden by Janon Fisher III, a young independent who rolls his own cigarettes.

The Fishers are not the chic fox-hunting "horsy set" depicted in old issues of *Vanity Fair*. They are friendly, informal, down-to-earth farm folk whose place in the steeplechase world has been won by their very unpretentiousness, their secure knowledge of who they are and the ownership of a rare and valued horse. "They are the sort who buy a good horse rather than a new car," says one of their admirers. "It means a lot, it means everything to them. The chic society ones may put money into the sport, but it's the real people like the Fishers who go at it as a sport, in a serious manner."

The Fisher farmhouse radiates an aura of elegant decay that can only come from total self-assurance. Mrs. Fisher, an apple-cheeked lady in ordinary, everyday farm clothes, never once looks down to chide anyone for the mud on his boots as they track across well-worn rugs toward one of several crackling fireplaces. Her house is a happy jumble of dogs, children, people and horsy articles. There are statues of horses, souvenirs of horses and pictures of horses on every wall. The tack room between dining room and kitchen is a tangle of bridles, saddles, old boots and faded racing silks in the blue-and-gray Fisher colors. In one of several kitchens stand enormous cheeses, bags of potato chips, home-baked cakes and a clutch of brown bottles of K and L Maryland Straight Rye Whiskey ("Every drop is 7 years old"). The sink is full of daffodils.

The bright-eyed Mrs. Fisher would never let any stranger feel strange for long under her roof. But she is apprehensive about publicity. "My father thought it was the worst thing in the world to have your name printed in the paper," she says. "He tried to buy the Baltimore Sun once because of something that appeared in the society pages about me. He got so mad he almost disowned me."

"No, I don't ride. I used to, but then I raised seven children and they all rode

and hunted. My daughter, Kitty Jenkins, hunted on Mountain Dew all this past winter. I worry about it all. They put so much into it—the two Janons do, I mean. I worry—afraid Janon III will get hurt. Last year we decided we were never going to do it again, and here we are. I almost died last year, so someone gave me a tranquilizer, but I was afraid to take it. I'm just scared to death of tomorrow. I never get used to it."

Mrs. Charles O. Rogers, a friend up from Florida, laughed at this. "You wouldn't miss it for the world," she said. "I have only missed a few Maryland Hunts myself—not many. The best thing about coming here and about this house are the wonderful people who live in it."

She indicated the two silver tankards and cigarette boxes the Fishers have as winning owner and rider of two Maryland Hunts. The owner also receives a 15-inch sterling silver bowl, which may be retired by three victories. All the pieces bear the Maryland state seal. Mrs. Fisher looked at the tankards. "These things are hard to drink out of," she said. "If we get a bowl to keep tomorrow, we'll put a mint julep in it and drink out of that."

Someone mentioned the exclusive Maryland Hunt Cup Ball to be held on Saturday night in Baltimore. It is one of the hardest-to-get-invited-to social events in America, but Mrs. Fisher, upon learning that a guest planned to attend, merely murmured with unforgotten sympathy, "Oh, you poor thing."

"People here really hunt," said one guest. "You know, people like the Fishers. They don't just bring a horse in from somewhere to try to win the Maryland Hunt. They *love* their horses and use them. They will run from 7 in the morning until dark, often stopping only to change mounts. This is tough hunting country. If you are a young man on a good horse and you don't take everything in sight, they probably won't have much to do with you for long."

At the lower club (golf-course division) of the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club, the Black Sheep—Baltimore bachelors and a group of their friends—were generating body heat that made a welcome change from the crisp night air. Young America drank, danced and talked a mile a minute in an atmosphere of blue smoke. It could have been any Friday at any country club, and the elec-

After Jay Trump came home to retire the Cup, the weekend's balusters in white tie and scarlet drove into Baltimore for the Hunt Ball.

erin neard

MARYLAND HUNT continued

tric guitars of The Lafayettees must have been causing kidney damage through vibrations alone. The enthusiastic 200-odd young businessmen attending were typical of the postcollege brokers, bankers, builders and lawyers who do not ride or even belong to the Hunt Club but who revere the Maryland Hunt as a tradition they want to share. They make up colorful and convivial tail-gate picnic groups that turn Worthington Valley into a festive place on Hunt Saturday each year.

The Black Sheep consider the Maryland Hunt such an important event that, when they were faced with eliminating either their steeplechase eve dance or the one at Thanksgiving, they unhesitatingly dropped the November date. Some of them seem to enjoy the pleasures of vicarious snobbery. When told that the Hunt Ball was still off limits to the press, one Black Sheep said, "Terrific—Baltimore is always very good at keeping outsiders out!"

The morning of race day finds the elliptical valley course outlined with small red and white flags and watched over by state police. Bright yellow portable toilets dot the green pasture, and down the hill from the Gary Blacks' house a snow fence has been arranged in a circle to form a paddock. Inside is the weighing-in tent for the jockeys. The judging platform at the finish line is a farm wagon. The incomparable vista from here takes in the acreage across the road at the foot of the hill, over which half of the race course runs. This property belongs to Maryland's handsome young Senator Daniel B. Brewster. The two spots on the asphalt highway where the horses must cross have been covered with tanbark, and a crew of men keeps busy raking it back into place after each passing car.

Riders, trainers and owners walk over the course, anticipating trouble spots, crushing the bright wild violets under the heels of their wet jodhpur boots and frowning at the solid-rock hardness and staggering height of four fences—Nos. 3, 6, 13 and 16. At the 17th they think of Trouble Maker, who broke his neck there after safely running the Grand National. He was buried on the spot. And at the 13th they think of War Gold, who also lies under the sod. The jockeys seem to feel the sixth and 16th fences are the toughest, because of an incline that makes each jump almost a foot higher.

But the crowd usually gathers to see the spills at the 13th. It was here that the Duchess of Westminster, a fervent Grand National follower and horse owner, paused. "I had heard," she said, "that these fences were big and hard, but I had no idea they were this size. I can see now how Jay Trump negotiated the Grand National so easily after a background of these terrible fences."

The Green Spring Valley Hunt Club, not far from the course, is alive with activity, preparing to feed visitors from all over the U.S. There is a sound of hounds as one approaches the 150-year-old brick house with its old pine doors and facings, plaster walls and wide, walk-in fireplaces. The wooden floors are unwaxed, scarred by boots and spurs. Plaster sags from the beamed ceilings, and the photographs of hunt masters, hounds and horses are yellow with age. But a musty charm pervades as the platters of food fly past and the spicy smell of frying Maryland crab cakes fills the air. The bartenders stand behind a huge array of drinks. "We serve bourbon on the rocks 2 to 1 over everything else," one of them said. "Occasionally an old fool will order bourbon and orange juice. It makes me sick to make it."

"You can be sure they're drinking all over the countryside today," said Mrs. Frances Shield, on hand with her husband, Dr. J. Asa Shield. They are from the hunting country near Sabot, Va. "We had the best year ever. We had more timber horses," she said. Mrs. Shield wore a belted trench coat and khaki cleated rubber boots against the damp. The doctor, formerly Virginia's representative to the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, had on a yellow vest, a green tie figured with running horses and a checked hacking jacket. "I brought Frances up here before we were married," he said. "We've been coming here now for 20 years."

Meantime a series of private luncheons were going on all over the Glyndon countryside. Senator Brewster was entertaining at his working Worthington Farms in an attractive white frame house where the guest list usually includes such regulars as Senators Howard Cannon, Vance Hartke, Stephen Young and Joseph Tydings; also Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and former Ambassador to Switzerland True Davis, former Postmaster General J. Edward Day and William R. Howard III and his wife,

the film star Dorothy Lamour. (Mr. Howard is the descendant of an Englishman to whom an English king once decided a large part of what is now Baltimore.)

The most elaborate entertaining in the valley is conducted by the Blacks in their vantage-point house on the daffodil-covered hill overlooking the course. This elegant red-brick house, with its trimmed boxwood hedges, is full of elegant people—the ladies in tweed suits and boots and the men in checked jackets and rough country shoes. (The tasseled moccasins, a dead fashion duck in most spots, is very much alive in hunt country.)

The Black house is awash with race talk as servants with silver trays pass hot canapés, olives and carrot sticks. Guests crowd all through the house and into a sunroom that looks out onto the green hills beyond the swimming pool. A kind of *Town & Country* atmosphere reigns, as if one had waded amid the pages of that magazine. One of the distinguishing features of such a home seems to be the display of personal photographs. Framed family likenesses simply do not appear in ordinary living rooms today, according to those who say they know. But in homes like the Blacks' they stand all about in silver Tiffany frames, often suitably engraved to commemorate an occasion or a private joke. They give a feeling of family solidarity. There are informal shots of people maulin-fishing, running on Caribbean beaches, skiing in Switzerland, standing on prep-school ball fields, holding golf trophies. Added to these are such sure touches as the beautiful but casual arrangements of flowers, fine needlepoint chairs, old English hunting paintings, horse figurines, jockey doormats, a Frans Hals over the fireplace, rare china in old cupboards and the indiscriminate mixing of patterns on rugs, pillows, chairs and sofas.

Luncheon is shrimp and crab over rice, thin cuts of cold roast beef, crisp French bread, fresh asparagus, salad, delicate petits fours and Brie oozing invitation. On the hillside the crowds are eating everything from caviar canapés to hot dogs roasted over small portable fires, unpacking hamper of fried chicken, popping champagne corks, pouring martinis out of thermoses and balancing pitchers of Bloody Marys on car fenders. Gay, multicolored golf umbrellas are everywhere for shade or protec-

tion against a sudden shower, and a lady passes by in Newmarket boots so cracked around the ankles that her socks show through. She is wearing a man's felt hat decorated with lilies of the valley.

Senator Joseph Tydings appears in a gigantic liveriness cape, checked to match his hacking jacket. There are safari hats with real leopard bands, straw boaters, cowboy Stetsons, pith helmets, Army camouflage hats and a sprinkling of the dorbies and checkered caps that make this the most English-looking of all U.S. sporting events. It was at the Maryland Hunt that the shooting stick made its U.S. bow, and it is still an evidence. People are surveying the course with field glasses, and children have climbed the few trees in the pasture for the best view of all.

While the nervous jockeys weigh in on an old feed scale they accept the good wishes of the milling crowd inside the paddock, and snatches of talk drift through the afternoon air:

"Did you have a lovely lunch?"

"As a matter of fact, it was perfect because fly didn't come. The Washington group pooped out, and 12 made it just cozy."

Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, the wife of an attorney, streaks by in a blue-and-red tweed suit. "I brought along my fishing pants and raincoat, just in case," she said. "I'll just slip my skirt off and get into them. I want to be able to run and jump up on a wagon and see something."

"Doesn't the Mason-Dixon line run about through here?"

"Listen, I don't know, but this isn't the South, just remember that. It isn't the North, either—it's Maryland, a separate entity all to itself."

"If it rains will they call it off?"

"Are you crazy? The whole place could be a sea of mud and they'd never call this race off. Snow, blowing snow might stop it—I'm not sure."

The riders parade, some in silks over sweaters, others in sweaters knit in the owner's colors. The race starts unexpectedly, and the crowd strains to see as the horses begin to go down at the first fences. One scrambles up riderless and continues on the course. Then they are turning, and all at once the last few to survive the fences come pounding in. It's over. Last year sandy-haired Tommy Smith, considered by some the best amateur steeplechase jockey in the world,

brought Jay Trump in ahead and then said modestly, "It's like using an automatic pilot. You set the switch to drive and Jay Trump does the rest."

Blonde Mrs. Mary Stephenson accepts the silver bowl from the judges and says she will retire her gallant gelding. "It is the culmination of a great dream. I would have been disappointed today if he hadn't won. I admit it. I didn't expect it, but I would still have been disappointed."

After the race the crowd drifts out and back to cars and on to the next round of parties. Past St. John's, the stone church where they bless the hounds on Thanksgiving Day, a large group drives to Mrs. B. W. Nichols' at Pine Grove Farm. She has added tents to her two patios and satisfies post-race theorists with a high tea served in a sumptuous dining room under an unusual Sartorius painting of an enormous horse with an exaggeratedly small jockey up. Tennis enthusiast and socialite James Van Alen peers at it and sniffs, "Who perpetrated that?"

Over at the Walter Brewsters' a real wangling is in progress. A lively, exuberant group has poked hats and coats on the L-shaped frame porch and is whooping it up inside, where the doorbells are clanging dangerously high, considering the Lowestoft china in the pale-blue Federal dining room. Here hams and turkeys are being destroyed, and the horse centerpiece already bears the winning number with his jockey in the right colors.

Mrs. Brewster, a sister-in-law to the Senator, indicates her beige rugs and says, "This color is so good for the mood in this country." Soon the *crème de la crème* will skim off and go to soak in hot tubs and lay out gear for the Hunt Ball in Baltimore's Sheraton-Belvedere that night.

The men, when they appear in their scarlet hunt tailcoats and white-tie trappings, their collars accented in yellow, blue or green velvet signifying their hunts, put the ladies to shame. Like gigantic cardinals in full leather plumage they steal the show, and as the doors close over this ultimate hurly exclusivity up on the hotel's 12th floor an onlooker turns to a friend:

"Well, what would I have to do to be important enough to get invited to the Hunt Ball?"

The friend smiles. "Ride a few horses first. That helps."

END



For playing 5 of the most troublesome shots in golf

- Hits long shots out of the rough perfectly
- Hits a long, low ball from under trees or obstacles
- Hits into the wind extremely well
- Plays bad lies easily, with accuracy
- Excellent for chip and approach shots

New design! The Scrambler's low, weighted flange at the sole puts power behind the ball—even a bad lie. You get the loft of a 4-iron on a 36 inch length. Excellent gift. Ask for the Scrambler. At your Golf Professionals' shop only.

Only clubs approved by
the Professional Golfers' Association
representing over 5400 professional golfers



PGA DIVISION



VICTOR GOLF

VICTOR GOLF CO., 8350 North Lehigh Ave.,
Morton Grove, Ill. 60053

Products of Victor Comptometer Corporation

PEOPLE

Candidates being mentioned by White House sources to succeed Stan Musial as head of the President's Physical Fitness Program include Pete Retzlaff, Bob Pettit, John Glenn, Buster Crabbe and Dinah Shore.

Not long ago Alabama Governor Lurleen Wallace set up some tin cats at the governor's mansion in Montgomery and took a few potshots. Assured her aim was good enough, she set her sights on the state's top game bird, the wild turkey. Returning



home one night last week from a banquet in Birmingham, Mrs. Wallace changed from evening dress to hunting clothes and set off for the swamps of Lowndes County. At daybreak she missed one pobbler—the first she had ever seen—but she shot the next one (above) dead.

After Louisville's Board of Aldermen voted down an openhousing ordinance last week Comedian **Dick Gregory** called for a sit-down at the starting gate on Derby Day to protest the board's action. "White folks,"

said Gregory, "aren't going to treat horses better than black folks. We're going to tell people not to come to the track unless they're going to lay down to keep the Derby from starting." Gregory won't be laying down on the job because he has an engagement in London on D-day. Besides, he admitted, "I wouldn't lay down in front of a horse myself, but there's a lot of cats that will."

When Pitching Coach **Johnny Sain** (51, April 3) was fired by the Twins last October, the team's 25-game winner, **Jim Kaat**, protested in an open letter to Minnesota fans. But until recently Kaat's complaints were more bark than bite. Now Kaat has purchased a Great Dane, which he has registered with the American Kennel Club under the name of Prince Johnny Sain. At last report, Prince Johnny was attending an obedience school in Florida.

Under his portrait that hangs in his home in East Lansing, **Biggie Munn**, Michigan State athletic director, has had inscribed, "The difference between good and great is a little extra effort." Biggie is proud of his achievements. But last week, in Pittsburgh, he received what he feels is the award of his career. "I've been elected to three football Halls of Fame—the National, the Minnesota and the Michigan—" Biggie declared, "but when I received the Boy Scouts' highest honor, the Silver Buffalo, it topped them all. I have made a thrilling clean sweep. I received the Silver Beaver in 1945, the Silver Antelope in 1961 and now this. I can't describe my joy."

Last year two British portraiture, **John Ridgway** and **Clay Blyth**, rowed from Cape Cod to Ireland in a 22-foot boat. Understandably, during their 91 days at sea the grass on Ridgway's Scottish croft grew greener and greener. Ridgway talked so much about his farm and a

mountain, Foinavon, which he could see from his door, that two weeks ago Blyth decided to buck the longest Foinavon in the Grand National. He collected \$308 for his \$66 when Foinavon won (51, April 17). Ridgway, who was back on his farm, did not bet.

Her wartrap wasn't very orthodox, but **Miss America's** pitch on opening day to Kansas City Catcher **Phil Roof** was considerably better than most politicians'. A softball player in high school, **Jane Anne Jayroe** had tossed seashells into the Atlantic off Wilmington, N.C. to get in shape for her appearance with the A's. Not coincidentally, her father and brother-in-law are both high school coaches, and a curve means something more to **Jane Anne** than to most beauty queens. Roof stepped out in front of the plate to cut down the distance of her pitch, but **Miss America** waved him back. "The pitch got there," she said later. "I was so pleased."

African conservationists have long discussed the possibility of domesticating wildebeests, buffalo, zebras, elephants and hippos and breeding them for meat and milk. They theorize that a controlled environment would preserve the animals from extinction and save the African grass line, which is being turned into a dust bowl by herds of unproductive native cows. Now Hollywood, in search of a new frontier (movie producers say the old one has been rinned by freeways and jets), is lending a hand and a script to the African ranching concept. **Ostame Dodger First Base**man **Chuck Connors** will appear next fall in a TV series called *Cowboys in Africa*, and **Hugh O'Brian** has just finished making a movie entitled *Africa—Texas Style*. The hippo opera has O'Brian as a world-champion cowboy who attempts to set up an African ranch. During the filming in Kenya, O'Brian roped wild zebras, wildebeests, rhinos, buffalo and gazelles. A

giraffe, a crocodile and a python were also lassoed, not for meat or milk, O'Brian says, but merely to add excitement to the movie. It hardly seems necessary.

Jim Lefebvre, who hit 24 home runs last year, is evidently something of a slugger in the mod leagues, too. Last week when the Dodgers were in St. Louis, he was seen (below) in a cap, navy brass-buttoned blazer, pink shirt with white collar, blue-green-and-yellow-paisley necktie, brown pinstriped belt.



bottom slacks and red stockings with black dots. Lefebvre, who operates on a \$25 weekly allowance doled out by his business manager, had gone on his buying spree in Houston.

Anyone with hopes of making history should perhaps reconsider. **Sir Edmund Hillary**, 47, who climbed Mt. Everest in 1953, says: "Because my name appears in history books most children think I am dead. They seem amazed and disbelieving when I tell them who I am. It's all rather disconcerting."

A winning debut for K and K

Baseball's spring headlines go to the sluggers who massacre prestason pitching or phenoms whose fast balls threaten to set new strikeout records. However, the knowing baseball reporter rarely relies on these early performances when he tries to pick the pennant winners, and neither will this all-too-experienced bridge reporter. Nonetheless, the six-man team that will represent North America in the World Championship in Miami Beach late next month looked very good recently in its first training session when it defeated an earnest Seattle squad by an impressive 203-68 score.

Especially encouraging was the solid play of Edgar Kaplan and Norman Kay, who, I would say, put on the best performance of the three pairs in Seattle. Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, considering their previous World Championship performances, figure to keep their opponents off balance. Alvan Roth and Bill Root will fare well, especially if the right hands come up for their system. And now it seems clear that Kay and Kaplan are ready to produce the kind of play that might beat the Italians. Here is a hand that shows their careful, much practiced bidding at its best. Because Kay and Kaplan play that a responder's rebid of two no trump cannot be passed, they were able to exchange important extra information about the distribution.

North-South
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH

♠ 9 2
♥ J 4 3
♦ A Q 8
♣ K Q 7 6 4

WEST

♠ 10 7 5 3
♥ 6 5
♦ K 9 6 5
♣ A 10

EAST

♠ J 6
♥ A K
♦ J 10 7 4 3
♣ 9 8 3 2

SOUTH

♠ A K Q 8 4
♥ Q 10 9 8 2
♦ 2
♣ J 5

SOUTH
(Kaplan)

1♠
2♥
3♥
PASS

WEST

PASS
PASS
PASS
PASS

NORTH
(Kay)

1♠
2♠
4♥
PASS

EAST

PASS
PASS
PASS
PASS

Opening lead: 3 of diamonds

At the first table, with Seattle holding the North-South cards, a contract of three no trump was reached through a jump bid to that contract by North, and it went down one.

But when Kay and Kaplan held the North-South cards they were able to conduct a better auction. As they play it, North's two-no-trump bid is absolutely forcing, so it was not necessary for Kay to jump to three no-trump as has Seattle counterpart had done. This gave Kaplan a chance to depict his distribution by rebidding hearts. North's doubleton spade and three cards in hearts made his hand suitable for a heart raise.

The four-heart contract seemed a reasonable venture, and Kaplan played the hand in a way that would give him several options. He won the first trick with the diamond ace and led a club to the jack. West took the ace and returned a club, which dummy won. A low heart lead was taken by East's king, and East returned a club. Kaplan had no difficulty shutting out West's trumps, even though East was able to repeat the attempts at giving partner an overruff by leading a fourth club when he got in with the ace of hearts.

However, the aggressive defense had made matters extremely difficult for declarer. He could not afford to ruff a spade with dummy's last trump, because he would then have no reentry to his hand to draw West's remaining trump. And he had only one club winner left—not enough to discard both his low spades.

Kaplan solved the problem by giving himself the extra chance that overcame the unfriendly break in the spade suit. He trumped the fourth round of clubs with his queen of hearts. Thus, when he led the third round of trumps, dummy was in with the heart jack. Now when dummy's good club was cashed, West was in trouble. He had to hold the king of diamonds or let North win a trick with the diamond queen. So he discarded a spade. This meant declarer's fourth spade won the game-making trick. The result was a substantial success for the North American team. **END**



GEORGE MUSE CLOTHING CO. Atlanta, Ga.
HAMBURGERS Baltimore, Md.
LOVEHART S. Birmingham, Ala.
KENNYOT'S Boston, Mass.
JACOB BROS. INC. Buffalo, N. Y.
FRANKENBERGER S. Charleston, W. Va.
TATE BROWN CO. Charlotte, N. C.
LYTTON S. Chicago, Ill.
MABLEY & CAREW Cincinnati, Ohio
B. R. BAKER Cleveland, Ohio
THE UNION Columbus, Ohio
JAS. K. WILSON Dallas, Texas
RIKE KUMLER CO. Dayton, Ohio
COTTELL'S Denver, Colo.
YOUNKER BROS. Des Moines, Iowa
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFIN Detroit, Mich.
SAKOWITZ Houston, Texas
L. STRAUSS Indianapolis, Ind.
WEY'S Jacksonville, Fla.
ROTHSCHILD'S Kansas City, Mo.
HARRIS & FRANK Los Angeles, Calif.
MARTIN'S Louisville, Ky.
BEASLEY BROS.—JONES RAGLAND, INC. Memphis, Tenn.
JORDAN MARSH Miami, Fla.
BRILLS Milwaukee, Wis.
JUSTER S. Minneapolis, Minn.
CARM SLOAN MEN'S SHOP Nashville, Tenn.
HAMBURGERS Newark, N. J.
GOOCHAU S. New Orleans, La.
BROADSTREET S. New York, N. Y.
ROTHSCHILD'S Oklahoma City, Okla.
STRAIMBRIDGE & CLOTHIER Philadelphia, Pa.
HAMMY'S Phoenix, Ariz.
HUGHES & HATCHER Pittsburgh, Pa.
MEIER & FRANK Portland, Ore.
BERRY BURK & CO. Richmond, Va.
NATIONAL CLOTHING CO. Rochester, N. Y.
STIX BAER FULLER St. Louis, Mo.
Z C M I Salt Lake City, Utah
ROOS ATKINS San Francisco, Calif.
JACK PENNOLA'S Tampa, Fla.
DANSMACHER'S INC. Toledo, Ohio
RENBURG Tulsa, Okla.
RALEIGH HABERKASHER—Washington, D. C.
STRAIMBRIDGE & CLOTHIER Wilmington, Del.



*Behind this great sport coat
is a great American fabric!*

©1967 Burlington Industries, Inc. "Go Raeford's Way, for the American Way"

A Raeford fabric—like this leisure-living blend of Dacron® and wool worsted,
an outstanding example of The American Way With Wool Blends

Where can you find the sport coats? See the adjoining list.
(And why not take this page with you as a reminder?)

Raeford Worsted Company A Division of Burlington Industries

Burlington Industries **Raeford**

We don't have to make our own aging barrels. But Grand-Dad demands it.

Great Bourbon isn't born—it's made. Made right in the aging barrel. And that takes years.

That's why we use only the heart of the most expensive white oak timber, where the growth rings are uniform and tight. And hand-cooper the barrels so each stave is strong and true.

Even charring the barrels is tricky. Not enough, and the whiskey gets stunted in the aging. Over-charring makes it harsh. We have to come within 1/32" to get our special flavor, body and bouquet. If you think we're fussy about a little barrel, you ought to see the rest of the way we make our Bourbon. Being Head of the Bourbon Family, we wouldn't have it any other way.



Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

Nearly every straight Bourbon whiskey, 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in hand.
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

Judy takes a final curtain call

After winning her 12th national singles championship as well as the doubles and mixed doubles, Judy Devlin Hashman retires from the game

Last Saturday afternoon in Flint, Mich., the career of perhaps the most accomplished woman athlete of the decade came to a successful and graceful close. Judy Devlin Hashman, 31, a 5' 6" redhead, from Abingdon, England via Baltimore via Winnipeg, Man., chased down her last drop shot from an overwhelmed opponent, sent up her last high lob and a split-second later wristed her final backhand smash deep near her opponent's back boundary line. Then, as she accepted congratulations for her 12th U.S. singles title, she made good on her promise of a month earlier and retired from the closed world of world-class badminton.

Though a U.S. citizen by choice, her reasons for leaving the game in which she has excelled so brilliantly—and in so much obscurity—were decidedly British. "I accomplished what I set out to accomplish," she said. "This game takes a lot out of you both physically and mentally. I have nothing more to gain from

it. And besides, if you've been good in a sport you don't like to play to less than your best, and I'm not willing to devote the time it would take to do that."

Considering the lack of fanfare that surrounds badminton (only 350 devotees saw the finals in Flint, though a tornado scare was partly responsible), it is likely Judy could have chosen a more direct route to fame. She was a skillful field-hockey player, was once a member of the U.S. women's national lacrosse team and the Junior Wightman Cup squad. But fortunately for badminton, she chose the shuttlecock over the tennis ball, because "I couldn't stand the thought of playing tennis 12 months of the year." Besides, she felt she had a heritage to preserve.

Her father, J. Frank Devlin, an Irishman, learned the game from a hospital bed when he was 8 years old and laid up with osteomyelitis. A family friend gave him a racket, and he spent many hours hitting the shuttlecock against the hospital wall. It drove the nurses wild but

continued



SHOWING THE FORM THAT MADE HER UNBEATABLE, MRS. HASHMAN HITS A BACKHAND

Buy
your
oil
the
way
you
bought
your
car.

Carefully.



the Uncommon Motor Oil
100% Pure Pennsylvania
Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co.
Oil City, Pa.



Tassels for Tigers

The debonnaire tassel adds fashion to comfort in this handsomest of slip-ons.

French Shriner shoes
\$27.95 — \$100.00



In Stock
or Write Order

FRENCH SHRINER

At fine stores everywhere

443 Albany Street • Boston, Massachusetts 02118

Wringing more power out of a stern drive.

Balanced design is the Starcraft secret. Each hull is designed with the MerCruiser stern drive as a part of it. They work in harness to give you planing that's sure and easy, a ride that's soft and stable, and more power per horsepower for less cost per gallon.

Get in on the secret at your Starcraft dealer's. Take a ride in any one of 11 stern drive models—sportabouts, runabouts or cruisers. For a power boat catalog, write Starcraft Corporation, Dept. 7-SI-5, Goshen, Indiana, 46526.



Thrills, Sportboats, Runabouts, Fishing Boats, Sailboats, and Cruisers

Copyright © 1979 Starcraft Corporation, Goshen, Indiana

helped him pass the hours during his long convalescence. When he was able to play badminton for real he discovered he had developed a nice instinct for the game's subtleties, and by 1931 he had won six world singles championships. In 1937 Frank Devlin moved his family, which by now included (in addition to his wife, an accomplished player herself) Judy and her older sister Sue, from Canada, where Judy had been born, to Baltimore. Almost singlehandedly he turned the East Coast into a badminton power.

So it was that Judy had good reason to take up the game seriously. In 1949 she won her first of six consecutive junior championships, in 1954 her first U.S. title and in the same year her first world crown. By last Sunday her various titles in the All-England, the unofficial world championship, numbered 10, and in the U.S. championships 12. Six of the seven world women's doubles titles and 10 of her 12 U.S. doubles titles were with her sister. Said Stan Hales, the third-ranking U.S. men's player and an official of the American Badminton Association, "Something like Judy isn't likely to happen again in the history of the game." That was a common sentiment in Flint.

Judy's game is extremely unfussy, spectacular only because it is so proficient. "Daddy always thought the simplest shot for anything was the least tiring," she says, "and that there was no point in a fancy windup."

She took that philosophy with her to England in 1960, when she left Baltimore to become the wife of a good English player, George Cecil Kenneth (Dick) Hashman, who works at a British atomic-energy establishment near Abingdon, in Berkshire. Four afternoons a week, with her 2-year-old son Geoffrey in tow, Judy teaches English and geography and referees soccer games at nearby Josca's preparatory school. When Judy first moved to England and began playing in the weekend round of seasonal tournaments, she was, to say the least, unbeatable. She would go weeks at a time without losing even a point. "It was like a dream," she said. "They used to serve, hit one back and I'd make a point. They just couldn't get to anything." It was almost that bad in Flint last week. In all but her final-round match against Canadian Champion Sharon Whittaker, which she won 11-3, 11-5, it was possible to count Judy's errors on one hand, Sur-

prisingly, the result of this overwhelming dominance was a tremendous lack of confidence. "Every time she played," said Dick Hashman, "she would think she was going to be beaten." Her legs weakened, and by her own definition she would begin to "sweat buckets."

Then once play began just the reverse would happen. "If I was playing against somebody I was really quite scared of," Judy said, "after about four or five points, I suddenly got completely calm. It's as if I wasn't even in the place."

Her residence in England had the same effect on the women's game there that the Malayan Choong brothers, Eddie and David, had on the men's game a decade earlier, when they were in London for graduate study at Cambridge: it raised the level to world class. The surprising thing, of course, is that badminton needed any prodding in England at all, because that is where the game began in 1873 at a house party in Badminton, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort in Gloucestershire. In a sense, it has never really

shrugged off its aristocratic image, mostly by choice, so that today it is still possible to find players who say, "We don't have people who drop their rackets," and, "If we had someone who grew his hair long, I think we'd die of shame." Players tend to take great pride in the amateur nature of the game. To start a doubles match, the referee calls, "The score is love-love, second server." In Flint there was a recurring dispute over the sling, or double hit, which had all the characteristics of a classic dispute between traditional and mod. As one official explained, "The purists still don't believe any wood should be used on a shot, and it is sometimes terribly difficult to tell the difference between a double hit, which is illegal, and a wood shot, which is not. So, many of the older referees tend to disallow all wood shots—period."

This, for one, incensed Erlend Kops, the bearded Dane who won his third U.S. men's singles title. In an early-round match with an elderly referee in the chair, Kops was called for slinging no less than

six times. "No sling," he kept muttering. "Wood shot. Wood shot." In the finals, with a young referee, there were no such calls.

Mrs. Hashman, of course, was too overpowering to be bothered by such technicalities. At 31, she could undoubtedly continue to play world-class badminton for several more years, if she chose. But the demands of a family make the extreme concentration so essential to the game more and more of a chore.

And so, last Saturday it was all over. After the mixed-doubles final, her third championship of the day, she accepted her last piece of silver, put on her blue badminton blazer and took a towel and wiped back her Irish red hair. Geoffrey got loose from his baby-sitter for the afternoon, Grandmother Devlin, and toddled over and began playing with mommy's rackets and birds.

Judy permitted herself her first real smile of the week. She looked down and said, "No, no Geoffrey. No more shuttlecocks. No more shuttlecocks." **END**

Vacation home starter kit.

25¢



Get your vacation plans in place the best way from a kit. With this huge book, plans that you can't forget. A dozen highway designs with drawings. Fast plans and lots you should know about vacation homes. We even tell you how to get complete blueprints. So, make the first move. Send this coupon and a quarter. We'll take it from there.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Phone _____



Western Woods do it beautifully.

The Western Woods Division of Engstrom-Schuch, Idaho. Write for Free Western Woods Catalog or Free Vacation Plans. Send to: Western Woods, 10000 N. Western Blvd., Suite 100, Boise, ID 83725.

Also see Wood Products Association, Dept. M-467, P.O. Box 100, Portland, Oregon 97206.

GRACIOUS SERVICE

Since 1892



Courtesy of the
have chosen the Brown Palace
Brown Palace Hotel

THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL
PETERA, COLORADO
KARL W. MEHLMANN
Robert F. Warner
Glen W. Fawcett

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

...and your book could be published by a New York publisher. We are looking for authors of books in the following fields: Fiction, Non-Fiction, Biography, History, Mystery, Science Fiction, Fantasy, Romance, Thriller, Western, Horror, Crime, Mystery, Detective, and more. If you are an author, please send us a copy of your book and a short bio. We will be happy to consider your work.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL TELEVISION AND RADIO BROADCASTING

Learn by doing. Two Year Work-Study Program. The club atmosphere. Accepting: producers, programing, marketing, sales, news, sports, editorial. All Professional facilities, studios and equipment. Learn on school stations WGBH and WGBH-TV. Student activities. Placement Resources. Local Catalog. Write: Mr. Wood, Cambridge School, 612 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02215.



Try
Field & Stream
...the different
new aromatic
pipe tobacco

Chamberlayne JUNIOR COLLEGE
CO-ED IN BACK BAY, BOSTON
5-YEAR PROGRAMS
Liberal Arts • Bus. Adm. • Accounting • Business
Marketing • Accounting • Technical
IBM DATA PROCESSING LAB
Robotics • Interior Design • Secretarial
Diplomacy • School Business Activities
FOR CATALOG, WRITE: CH. 12, CHAMBERLAYNE
310 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS. 02118

SOCCER/Tex Maule

Kickoff for a Babel of booters

Televised professional soccer was unveiled nationally last weekend and, despite awkward moments, showed signs of future health

GOAL! St. Vit, the pride of Hants, fielded a pass from Jamaican Asher Welch and booted the ball past Dennis Connaghan of Scotland, and the first goal to be scored in America's ambitious new professional soccer venture was historical fact. The goal won a game for the Baltimore Bays over the Atlanta Chiefs.

This was the first exposure on national TV for the National Professional Soccer League, the nonsanctioned organization that has a million-dollar contract with CBS for the season, covering 21 games. Anxiously watching in the wings were the owners of the United Soccer Association, a group that has the approval of soccer's international governing body (FIFA) but no subsidy from CBS. The United Soccer Association was in the peculiar position of hoping that its rivals would be exciting enough to whet the American appetite for the world's most popular sport but not so good as to overshadow United's own teams.

The USA owners should have been pleased with what they saw televised from Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. The 8,434 spectators who sprinkled the stands—and were studiously avoided by the TV cameras—were not nearly enough to make the Baltimore Bays a fiscal success, but the game itself had sufficient charm to make the television audience want more.

Eric Barnett, a young Australian in the U.S. studying television techniques who has played soccer at club level in Australia, New Zealand and England, watched the proceedings with a mildly jaundiced eye. When it was all over, he opined that the level of proficiency was about that of third- or fourth-division play in England. This would be the equivalent, say, of Triple A baseball in the U.S., which is not too bad for teams assembled only recently from the four corners of the earth.

The action, as might have been expected, was brisk and confused. As might not have been expected, it was at times remarkably cohesive.

"The dribbling in midfield was new and again brilliant," said Barnett. "I mean, it approached first-division quality. But the chaps seemed a bit confused when they got within the 30-yard line and were a mile too hasty in taking their shots. But you must expect this in teams which have only just come together, you know."

Compounding the difficulties of each new team is the Tower of Babel aspect of the operation. The Los Angeles Toros, who began their season before 9,048 lonely partisans in the 101,574-seat Coliseum, had to open their own English class for their club, which is coached by Max Wozniak, a Pole. Wozniak's charges speak a total of 12 languages and hail from everywhere from Ecuador to Turkey.

Coach John Szepl of the Philadelphia Spartans is a Hungarian who speaks three languages but not Spanish. Recently, when he was forced to task a Spanish-speaking player to task in practice, he used the services of Laszlo Kaszas, another Hungarian who learned to speak the language fluently while playing in Madrid. Szepl's impassioned complaints were toned down by Kaszas, who says, "I leave out the emotion when I translate."

The real star of the TV game was a retired soccer player who is regarded as the best produced in Ireland in a generation—Danny Blanchflower. Blanchflower was the color man for Jack Whittaker, a CBS sports announcer who struggled manfully, and, on the whole, successfully with the problem of presenting soccer intelligibly to an audience that must have known little or nothing about the nuances of the game. Blanchflower, speaking in a crisp, engaging accent, was refreshingly honest in his comments. It is quite evident he has a lot to learn before he becomes as reluctant as American announcers to criticize. His estimate of the action on the field was clear and biting.

"Here they need a bit of a clever play," he said once as Baltimore was preparing

continued

Give your children some memories that won't wear out.

It's Show-And-Tell time. The teacher has asked the children to talk about their last summer's vacation. So your youngster comes home and wants to know where she went last summer.

She forgot.

She keeps mixing up the trip to the lake with the time you took her for a drive in the country.

She's got nothing to show and nothing to tell.

We bet she wouldn't forget a wonderful vacation in a place like Bermuda or Puerto Rico or Mexico City or Florida or Acapulco or the Bahamas. And we bet you won't forget it, either.

At Eastern you can buy memories like that. The kind that last a lifetime.

Maybe you can't afford to pay cash for a family vacation now. But with Eastern's Charge-A-Trip plan you get



the memories now. For as little as \$17 a month plus a small service charge a family of three, living in an area served by Eastern, can take an exciting vacation.

Then you can send your child off to school filled with thoughts and ideas and memories that won't wear out or become obsolete. (And it probably

won't cost you more than some dull vacations you've taken.)

So why not give your children something memorable to remember and talk about while they're still kids. And you are, too.

Eastern Air Lines, Inc.
Box 2844, Dept. J1
Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

I want to give my children a vacation that won't wear out. Please send me your full-color brochures on memorable vacations and how I can charge them.

Name
Address
City
State Zip Code

CHARGE-A-TRIP IS A SERVICE OF EASTERN AIR LINES, INC.



EASTERN

We want everyone to fly.

There are 51 great reasons to wear this sock. 48 are color.

We make Gold Cup® in more colors than any other sock around. (Now you can color your feet to go with anything you happen to be up to.) Another reason for wearing Gold Cup is softness—built into every inch. (We picked a blend of 75% highbulk Orlon® acrylic and 25% stretch nylon. It makes Gold Cup thick and light and bouncy—feels like cashmere.) Long wear is another reason why you'll go for Gold Cup. (We gave it a special heel-and-toe shield—holds up even under heavy action.) The fifty-first reason is the perfect fit and stay-up for every foot. (One size for all.) As for price, it's \$1.50 the pair—only \$72 for all 48. So it's hardly worth mentioning.

the Burlington sock.

Gold Cup®

Burlington

75% ORLON® ACRYL
25% STRETCH NYLON
MADE IN THE U.S.A.
ONE SIZE FITS ALL
MADE OF 100% COTTON
BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, INC.

Count them: 48 colors! Wild ones: Wild ones, Lemon Peel, Desert Tan, Terra Cotta, Antique Gold, Blue Grass, Charcoal Heather, Tiger Orange, Black Burgundy, Smoke Blue, Red Brick, Dark Olive, Bright Olive, Peach Heather, Stone Mist Heather, Country Brown Heather, Denim Blue, Blue, Black Blue, Bronze Heather, Grey Bronze, Dark Oxford, Black Olive Gold, Whiskey, Polar Pink, Electric Blue, Stone Milk, Navy, Light Blue Heather, Light Grey Heather, Olive Heather, Bamboo, Gold, Loden, White, Bronze Blue, Brown, Spruce Heather, Mandarin, Red, Black Brown, Spruce Green, Lime, Burgundy, Yellow, Camel, Blue Gold

for an indirect free kick. "The man taking the kick can't score directly, you know. He must roll the ball at least its own circumference before kicking for the goal, so he will probably pass it."

The kicker, instead of rolling the ball its own circumference or passing it to another Baltimorean, lofted it over the defenders toward the Atlanta goal, where it was caught by Connaghan.

"That was a silly play," said Blanchflower, disgustedly. "You know, the chap could not have scored had the ball gone into the goal."

Unfortunately, the CBS presentation of this first soccer game seemed a bit hurried. The game began abruptly, with no introduction of players, so that the television spectators were never clearly aware of what positions the players were occupying or what their functions were supposed to be. When Whitaker did identify a player by name, which he did fairly often after a slow start, he generally left out his position and his country of origin.

Since it will obviously require a good deal of time and promotion before American viewers learn and appreciate the finer points of soccer strategy and tactics, it would seem that the most rewarding way to create interest among potential customers would be to develop individual stars. Yet, for most of the game, the only players TV spectators were really aware of were the two goalies, Sven Lindberg, the Swede who played a fine game for Atlanta, and Connaghan. No more mention was given St. Vil, the only scorer, than any other Baltimore player, even though he is regarded as the best player to come out of Haiti in many years. St. Vil may well become the darling of Baltimore soccer fans and could, conceivably, become a star who could attract TV fans.

Asher Welch, who passed the ball to set up St. Vil's score, has a twin brother, Art, also playing for Baltimore. Asher is a marvelously fast athlete who handles—or fools—the ball well and passes with speed and accuracy, but he, too, might have gone unremarked had not Blanchflower underlined his importance with a brief anecdote.

"When the Bays [Blanchflower either thought the name of the Baltimore team was the Bears or his accent made it come out that way] signed these two lads, the scout had a big party in Jamaica," Blanchflower said. "He woke up in the

continued

The only way you can do more for your golf game is to take a lesson.

Lessons are for learning. But if you're past the abc's of golf and have a well-grooved swing, there's one more way to polish your game: with Wilson K-28 equipment. You get the original Wilson Strata Blue® construction with new two-piece sole plate including brass back weight for more power. Dynamic-balanced irons that'll add new accuracy to your game.

And the K-28 ball packs surprising power and durability. Fact is, playing with K-28's is like a lesson in itself. You'll find them at fine sporting goods stores everywhere.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co. • Chicago
An subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.



morning with an enormous head and looked at them and didn't know if he had signed twins or was just seeing two of Asher."

Again, when the Baltimore goalkeeper blocked a shot with his face, Blanchflower added a light note to the broadcast, "Blf of face-saving, that, Jock," he said to Whitaker.

The CBS formula for inserting the all-important commercials worked well in this first game, depriving viewers of almost none of the action. The commercials were run during the time taken for goal kicks, when the ball was kicked over the end line by the offense and brought out for the goalie to put into play.

Once or twice the cameras picked up the action a few seconds late but, for the most part, nothing was lost to commercials, a praiseworthy achievement in a game in which there are no timeouts. Of course, on the three occasions when a player was laid out on the field with an injury, the alert director seized

the moments to plump a commercial in.

Overall, judging by the Baltimore-Atlanta TV presentation, soccer has much to offer and, potentially, a large audience. It has the advantage, even with this not quite top-grade class of performance, of continuous motion, exciting and sometimes violent action and obvious rules easy to understand. It is rather like hockey on a grand scale, but with a ball easy enough to see that the goal-scoring is never lost to view.

The class of play in the non televised league is likely to be better than that in the National Professional Soccer League, since the United Soccer Association, with the blessing of the FIFA, imports entire teams to represent its cities, rather than a mélange of over- or under-age players. Not too long from now the two leagues are expected to merge. When they do, and when the brand of soccer offered the American public on the field and on television begins to approach the caliber of the soccer played in Europe and South America, then the game in

the U.S. may become a real threat to baseball, with which it presently competes. Opening day in Philadelphia saw 14,163 people on hand (admittedly many of them American hyphenates) as the Spartans beat Toronto 2-0. The same day the baseball Phillies drew only 9,213 and the 76ers 9,426.

Of course, the sport must develop local players, too. An encouraging note in a bleak opening day at Chicago Soldier Field was the fact that the hero of Chicago's 2-1 victory over St. Louis was a player who came up from the Hansa team in Chicago. He was Willie Roy, an immigrant to the U.S. from Germany when he was 6. Roy scored both Chicago goals, and the meager crowd of 4,725 roared its approval.

The advent of soccer in the U.S. was a bit shaky. But with a Danny Blanchflower to lend spice to the TV broadcasts, a bit more intelligent presentation of the stars on the teams and a leavening of local talent, the game may yet develop into an attraction.

END

Every razor removes more than just your beard. Because no matter how carefully you shave, or how good the razor is, it scrapes away skin and natural oils that keep your face comfortable. Then you splash on an after shave that dries your face even more. So every time you shave you make your face dry, irritated, and sore. It's time you met the after shave that soothes, protects, and helps heal. It's time you met the soother.

Mennen Afta... replaces oils shaving scrapes away.

What other after shave can make that statement?

Avis has been attacked by a larger fleet.



No.1 (104,000 vehicles)



Avis (71,000 vehicles)

One of our competitors has been running some get-tough-with-Avis ads. And why not, if he wants to?

But in telling you how big he is, he left the impression that Avis is pretty small.

He hasn't taken a good look lately.

We're closing the gap.

His fleet of cars and trucks is 104,000. Ours is 71,000.

We mention this because we can't have you thinking we may be out of shiny new Plymouths if you come in for one.

Maybe No.1 knows how far we've come, at that.

If we were all that small, he wouldn't have run those ads in the first place.

A painful prognosis for the good Dr. Fager

Two early-line Kentucky Derby favorites ran second at Aqueduct and Keeneland last week, but there was more concern over a courageous winner who probably will never get his chance at Churchill Downs

With less than three weeks remaining before the Kentucky Derby, what the first of the Triple Crown classics seems to lack in the way of an outstanding favorite it more than makes up for in numbers. Roughly half a dozen colts appear to have the qualifications to whip the others at a mile and a quarter on May 6. This became all the more apparent after two races last week in which the favorites, Mrs. Thomas Bancroft's Damascus (*opposite*) and Wheatley Stable's Successor, were both narrowly beaten.

The more important of the two Derby-testing races was the one-mile Gotham at Aqueduct. Damascus, who had looked so impressive when winning the Bay Shore three weeks earlier, trailed Florida-bred Dr. Fager, owned by Tarran Stable's William L. McKnight, honorary chairman of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Corporation. On the same afternoon, down in Kentucky, Lou Rowan's Santa Anita Derby winner Ruken won by a nose over Successor in the seven-furlong Spendthrift at Keeneland. The results of these two races were not half so startling as the revelation by Dr. Fager's trainer, Johnny Nerud, on the day of the Gotham that despite Dr. Fager's well-deserved and impressive victory over the Derby winter book favorite, the colt definitely would be held out of this week's Wood Memorial, and probably would not be entered in the Derby itself. Startling? Perhaps, not really.

Dr. Fager (named for a Boston neurosurgeon who operated on Nerud in 1965) has had the look and ways of a

sprinter. Last year in five starts he won his first four, including victories up to seven furlongs, by such astronomical margins as seven, eight and even 12 lengths. But in the one-mile Champagne, after leading Successor by three lengths at the eighth pole, he tired rapidly and wound up being beaten a length. After that he called it a season and, like Successor—who first went on to win the Garden State and the 2-year-old championship—was duly shipped south to Hialeah.

Dr. Fager's sire and dam, Rough'n Tumble and Aspidistra, are not the sort one would expect to produce a classic winner. And nobody knows this better than Johnny Nerud, who said as long ago as last December, "There's nothing in his pedigree that makes him out to be a stayer. Still, he does have beautiful action, and the smoothest, longest stride I've ever seen on any of my horses. That action may help him get a mile and an eighth, despite his pedigree."

At Hialeah, Dr. Fager developed a bothersome blood infection that kept him out of action all winter. By the time he got to New York last month all was fine with his blood count, but then there was another cause for alarm. "This colt is not the soundest horse around," Johnny explained the day of the Gotham. "More important than his blood infection is a bad right knee. It worries me a lot. Besides that, I've never believed Dr. Fager is a genuine Derby horse. He may not be tough enough."

Dr. Fager demonstrated at least some toughness—and a lot of gaitness—in the Gotham. With Manuel Ycaza

aboard, he ran practically head and head with Damascus for nearly five-eighths of a mile and then steadily pulled away from the slightly favored son of Sword Dancer.

Ycaza, for one, would like to change Nerud's mind about skipping the Derby, but in any case a definite decision probably will not be made until Johnny sees what develops in this week's Wood at a mile and an eighth. "Mr. McKnight has never told me how or when to run his horses or where to run them," Nerud says. "The Kentucky Derby may mean a lot to the man, and if he says he wants to go—and insists on running in it—obviously, we'll go to Churchill Downs. But if he leaves it up to me, Dr. Fager will stay in New York and point for the Withers on May 13 and then maybe the Preakness on May 20."

Nerud, who came so close to a Derby victory 10 years ago, only to have Willie Shoemaker stand up in the irons aboard Gallant Man, would like to try again at Churchill Downs. And if Dr. Fager won't get him there, he has another Florida-bred—a bay son of Intentionally (also the sire of In Reality)—who might. This one is named Brunch, and so far he has a three-for-three record. "I'm not much on racing 2-year-olds very often, anyway," says Nerud, "and that's why nobody saw anything of Brunch last year. He shin-bucked two or three times and had a few other small ailments. But he's all right now." Indeed he is. In his first start at Hialeah on March 1, Brunch broke his maiden by six lengths. A month later, again at six furlongs, he won by four. And last

continued

FORCED TO USE DAMASCUS SOONER THAN PLANNED, JOCKEY SHOEMAKER STILL CONSIDERS HIS MOUNT BEST OF THE DERBY CROP



Do \$9 slacks go with a \$65 blazer?



Lee-Präst Classics were made to look great with that expensive blazer. So don't be fooled by the price tag. And Lee-Präst Classics with a total permanent press never need ironing or touch ups. Shown: Lee-Präst Classics in Poly Ply fabric, 65% Dacron® polyester/35% combed cotton oxford in Sand Green, Espresso, Black Olive, and Black. Other Lee-Präst Leesures from \$6 to \$9. *Copyright Reg. U.S.

MONARCH

Lee-Präst Leasures® do!

HORSE RACING

week, in his first try at a ride, he let all the way under Shoemaker to win again easily. Bunch will hold out how good he is when he runs this week in the Wood Memorial, where he will have his first go at class horses.

Shoemaker thinks that Bunch has ability...and another jockey, a four-time Derby winner named Hartack, is so impressed by Bunch's prospects that he phoned Neud last week to ask if the mount was open. "I had to tell him that I ride Shoe, Usery and Yeaza mostly," explained Neud, "but that I'd keep him in mind if anything developed. I'd always consider Hartack, especially in the Derby. It's one race we know he's not going to get back fever in, don't we?"

In view of Dr. Fager's known partiality for sprints, it was not really astonishing that he beat Damascus in the Gotham. Shoemaker was not happy about the race even at the start. Breeding on the outside of the nine-horse field over a track that had been muddy in the morning, then turned to good and finally to fast, Shoemaker wanted to move Damascus to the front and then make for the inside, where he would have the best running surface. In order to do so he had to make use of his colt sooner than he had planned. As it developed, a 55-to-1 shot named Roy L Malabar had gotten the jump and opened up three lengths on the rest of the field, with Damascus and Dr. Fager not far off and already engaged in their own duel. Damascus gained an idle position up the backstretch, and, as Shoe observed later, "when Dr. Fager came up on my outside I simply had to go with him. In doing so I may have moved a little too soon, but actually it was the horse—and not me—who made up his mind to run. He got beat, but not by much, and as far as I'm concerned he's still as good a Derby horse as there is around. This race should help him, and we'll all know more when he goes an extra eighth of a mile next week in the Wood."

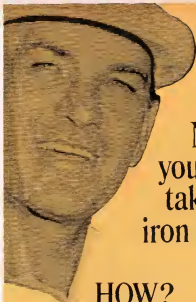
There's no question that the Gotham was an excellent race for both Dr. Fager and Damascus. They completely outclassed the field. The perennial bridesmaid, Reason to Hail, was five lengths back in third place and the Whiskey hope, Bold Monarch, put in another disappointing performance, to finish seventh. Dr. Fager's winning time of 1:35½ was respectable enough, consid-

ering the shifting condition of the track. Frank Whiteley, who trains Damascus, was naturally disappointed at losing, but he has never been much of an optimist. "He ran well," observed Whiteley afterward, "but not well enough. I didn't give Shoemaker a single instruction and, because he knows this horse, I never would. Next time around I hope things will be different, because I know Damascus is a good horse."

Because he is still relatively green, it is likely that the Gotham will help Damascus considerably. The next time the chances are that Shoemaker will not have to hurry his mount excessively during the early part of the race, giving him more of a finishing kick. On the other hand, in looking only as far ahead as the Wood, who is to say that any horse will improve in one week's time after a race that was as hard-fought and tacing as last week's Gothams?

Successor, bred and raised at nearby Claiborne Farm, was the natural odds-on, 7-to-10 favorite in the Spendthrift at Keeneland, despite his fourth-place finish in the Swift at Aqueduct on March 13. Driven out of New York by bad weather and the possibility of an extended horse owners' boycott, Successor beelined to Kentucky for his final Derby preparations. And it may have been the right move, for he now has 12 days between his good Spendthrift effort and the April 27 Blue Grass Stakes at a mile and an eighth. At his best it is hard to imagine Successor losing to anyone in his age group at seven furlongs, and it could be that he has not yet regauged his best 1966 form. This should not, however, detract one iota from Ruken's victory in his first start since he won the Santa Anita Derby six weeks ago. In Kentucky, where it is fashionable to put the knock on California horses, veteran horsemen had to admit that Ruken is probably a lot better than many of them had previously thought. Ruken, of course, had more seasoning than Successor but he also demonstrated in the Spendthrift—as he often has done before—that he is a Derby type of runner. Coming from off the pace and circling his field with long, sweeping strides, he made up an enormous amount of ground on the stretch turn, and after passing Calumet's leading Balouf he had opened up two lengths at the eighth pole. Only then did Successor, who had been running third, put in his own quick bid—which fell

restricted



Now,
you can
take an
iron less!

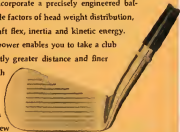
HOW?

By using my new Percussion-Center 7™ Irons, which I am convinced are the longest hitting irons ever made. Percussion-Center 7 Irons incorporate a precisely engineered balance of the variable factors of head weight distribution, swing weight, shaft flex, inertia and kinetic energy.

■ The resulting power enables you to take a club less for consistently greater distance and finer control than with any other iron.

■ Go by your Golf Professional Shop and try new

Percussion-Center 7 Irons for yourself. You will recognize at once how their added playability can help your game.



BEN HOGAN

11225 AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
2812 W. Palmdale Street, Port Worth, Texas



My
'67
"Low
Profile"
Woods put
new muscle
in *your* swing.
HOW?

A completely new head design on my Model 8090 "Low Profile" Woods for 1967 works in three ways to give you maximum distance. The 1 1/4" "Low Profile" head minimizes air drag. A lighter, faster head gives you the moving force of a much larger wood. And, a 12° loft on the driver gets the ball in the air cleanly and accurately.

Ask your Golf Professional to let you try new "Low Profile" Woods. You will find they give you consistently more distance than you've experienced with other woods.



BEN HOGAN

LOOK FOR THE BEN HOGAN & COMPANY COMPANY
2010 W. Parkway Street, Palm Beach, Florida

short by a nose. Successor will now stay on at Keeneland for the Blue Grass and a possible meeting with such horses as Tumble Wind, Diplomat Way, Grand Premier and Ask The Fare. Ruken will take a different course to the Derby. He will run next in the Stepping Stone, another seven-furlong race, on Churchill Downs' opening day, April 29. "I've had a lot of luck," says Ruken's trainer, Clyde Turk, "running horses in distance races off sprints."

With these developments at Aqueduct and Keeneland last week, there might be a tendency to forget some of the winter stars—who may or may not still be stars. Reflected Glory, for example, the Flamingo winner and Florida Derby disappointment, had such a sore left shin last week that he had to miss the Gotham, and it is questionable if he will make it back in time for the Wood. "He was that way after the Flamingo, however," says Trainer Hirsch Jacobs, "but came out of it O.K. His shins weren't an excuse in the Florida Derby, in which he finished seventh. In that one the boy, Jorge Velasquez, just gave him a bad ride. Instead of coming from way back, which is the way this colt likes to run, he had him up there too close too soon. Now he's got real shin trouble, and there's no way of knowing if he'll get over it in time for the Wood or not. It's a day-to-day thing with him."

In Reality, the Florida Derby winner, is another question mark. Trainer Sunshine Calvert, who has never been convinced that In Reality is a classic horse, has been surprisingly noncommittal about his intentions. He shipped In Reality to New Jersey's Garden State this week—a strange way of getting from Miami to Louisville—and won't make a decision about the Derby until the last possible moment, until he sees what happens to the New York horses in the Wood and to a few others in this week's Blue Grass prep, the Forerunner at Keeneland.

Lusking behind all this in-and-out bunch is a second division, made up of such types as Gentleman James, Provino, Lightning Orphan, Cool Reception and Dawn Glory. So if anyone says the 1967 Derby is an absolute lock for any one colt he should have his head examined. And if an operation is needed one could do worse than get in touch with Dr. Charles Fager in Boston. Johnny Nerud knows the number.

END



Now,
a long
face can
improve
your
golf game.

HOW?

With my new Model 8100 "Long Face" Woods. This special 1967 Ben Hogan® Wood features a shallow head, longer face and longer clubhead, with weight distribution designed for greater speed. The result is a wood club which gives you more margin for error with improved distance and accuracy.



My new "Long Face" Woods are waiting for you at your Golf Professional Shop. Let them start improving your game on your next round.



BEN HOGAN

LOOK FOR THE BEN HOGAN & COMPANY COMPANY
2010 W. Parkway Street, Palm Beach, Florida

New Sunbeam Arrow, from the Chrysler people: Britain's posh \$2200 family car for unabashed sports car lovers.

Temper the fast, sure feel of our Tiger with baby-limousine comforts—
add our inimitable 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty*—
what happens is pretty exotic. And practical.



Arrow could happen only in Britain—where elegance isn't measured by size, and even limousines must be a little nimble.

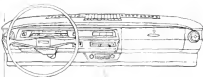
Now Chrysler Motors Corp brings it smack into the compact car price range—complete with a 5-year/50,000

For \$2197, Arrow gives you baby-limousine-with-luxuries that \$2197 cars do not provide. Front buckets with reclining backs. A console between them, and 4 on the floor to go with. Adult-sized room in back. Curved glass windows. And a flow-through ventilation system some \$3000 American cars would love to have.

On the other hand...

For \$2197, Arrow is a sports sedan that fools through turns which domestic "sports cars" groan with effort to match. Arrow's new strut suspension and quick steering yield less than a 33½ foot turn circle, and it'll ride steady through it all.

Engine performance, of course, is likely to be equally important to you. So you'll be glad to hear Arrow's a 73



hp version of the 1725 cc engine which revs up our Alpine sports car. The OHV design still works for you: compression and horsepower are simply turned down. Result: rather spectacular economy along with

Alpish zip through gears. The gearbox itself is also transplanted from sports cars. Four precisely-ratioed forward speeds, with a powerful synchromesh to smooth things along.

So if a sports car is now a bit impractical as your next car, see your Sunbeam dealer about Arrow. It's the sports

sedan no one else could build. And warrant this way.

HERE'S HOW THE SUNBEAM ARROW 5-YEAR OR 50,000 MILE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU
Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all new Sunbeam Arrow 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty. This warranty covers the engine and drive train components of the Sunbeam Arrow 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty. The warranty is limited to the original owner of the vehicle and is non-transferable. The warranty is void if the vehicle is used for commercial purposes, is involved in an accident, or is damaged by fire, flood, or other causes. The warranty is also void if the vehicle is modified in any way. For more details, see the warranty booklet that comes with the vehicle.



mile power train warranty which other American car makers have somehow neglected to apply to their imports.

ROOTES
SUNBEAM

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

*Warranty excludes wear and tear items. Excludes engine and drive train components. See dealer for details. For more details, see the warranty booklet that comes with the vehicle. Delivery, taxes and license fees extra. Dealer price only. © 1973 Chrysler Motors Corp.

NO WEEDS

Ever since the days of Noah, the idea of living on a boat has appealed to a good many people, and even in these modern times of receding waterlines there is no sign that this desire is drying up. Today there are some eight million pleasure boats in this country, of which some 20% are estimated to be of a size and shape that permits living aboard. Not counting merchant mariners, dredgers, ocean-going squish professionals and such, who are occupationally locked in the cradle of the deep, there are thousands of Americans who live on their boats. Some sack out aboard for a weekend or, at most, a vacation, but a growing number are permanently domiciled on the water—in Long Island Sound, Chesapeake Bay, the Inland Waterway, the Great (and many lesser) Lakes of the Midwest, in canals, channels, sloughs and bayous from Nebraska to Pennsylvania, St. Paul to New Orleans, Anchorage to San Diego. Wherever there is a puddle of sheltered water, people have moored, docked or run aground small craft and have made their homes in them.

Recently, during a tour of gracious homes on the water in California, where people are migrating to marinas like lemmings to the Atlantic Ocean, one of the first things I learned was that not every boat lived on by people is a houseboat. Among the set who fight barnacles rather than Japanese beetles, a houseboat, by common usage and sometimes by legal definition, is something that floats but does not move under its own power, any more than the land-based, mounted-on-foundation mobile homes that evolved from the house trailer. When houseboats must be moved they are towed like mobile homes. Using this as a point of reference, there are many other categories of things (things, since some of them resemble conventional boats only in a vague, free-form way) upon which people live on water. For example, distinct from the true houseboat, there are mud-dlers and arks. A muddler is something that was once a boat but has been so permanently embedded on the shore that nothing short of a tidal wave will ever move it again. An ark is surrounded by water, but it was not necessarily ever a boat. Arks are more like artificial islands built on pilings, dock ends, high mudbanks or even anchored rafts, out of whatever material an arker can afford or, in many cases, salvage from the water.

At the other extreme, there are real boats that move under their own sails or engines. In California people who

continued



Shipboard living is no longer the exclusive province of the rich. Today men—and their families—are going down to the sea in everything from sleek yachts in orderly marinas to old scows clustered together, as in Sausalito, Calif. (below)

BY BIL GILBERT

ON THE FRONT LAWN



make their permanent homes on such craft are called liver-inners. There probably are more liver-inners than there are houseboaters, arkers and mudders combined, one reason being that they are more popular with marina owners and municipal authorities. The feeling is that colonies of permanently fixed on-the-water dwellings tend to degenerate into marine slums, where such things as garbage, sewage and fresh paint are treated lightly, if at all. By local ordinance and by the refusal of many marina operators to give them slip space, the boating Establishment wages a continuing vendetta against these immobile floating homes. In fact, it seems likely that arks, mudders and true houseboats may go the way of the log cabin.

The variety of structures that enable people to live on the water is great. There is an ark near San Francisco made largely of salvaged Styrofoam, as well as a mudder (once a cement barge) with a badminton court. There are houseboats that were once ferryboats, showboats, fishing trawlers, scows and rafts. There are people living on former subchasers, the decks of which, even to the engine room, have bulkhead-to-bulkhead white carpeting. There are people living on former subchasers in which most of the decks, including those of the engine rooms, have rotted away. When it comes to real boats in which liver-inners are living, the categories of craft seem limitless. They run from boxes mounted on pontoons and pushed along by out-

board motors (a shallow-draft contraption popular in the inland maze of the Sacramento River delta) to tiny cabin inboards where two bunks are cunningly fitted inside one shower stall to, finally, yachts with swimming pools and recreation rooms.

At first inspection, the municipal marina at Long Beach, where there are a good many liver-inners, does not seem to be a likely haunt for seafarers. The marina grounds look like, and in fact are, a symmetrically landscaped, meticulously maintained park. The slips at which 1,800 small boats are tied up are a freshly painted white, and clean as a modern dairy barn. There is no smell of fish, tar or oil, nor is there much sea smell in the sheltered, man-made cove. (The full-time job of one municipal employee at the marina is to keep the water clean—straightening up the flotsam and jetsam.) There are no tattoo artists hanging around the Long Beach docks, no bearded sea-dog types, no sense that the boats are about to set off for some distant, exotic port. The sense one does get, if one squints until the masts of the motor sailers begin to look like TV antennas, is of Levittown or some other densely populated development community.

The principal reason that this \$14 million public marina looks so well-scrubbed—and, in fact, the reason it exists at all—is that Long Beach is in some ways like a Persian Gulf sheikdom. Along with onshore boats, Long Beach has a lot of offshore oil. One of the restrictions on the city's share of the oil royalties is that they must be used for improving the commercial, scenic and recreational aspects of the municipal waterfront. Therefore, just as oil sheiks keep air-conditioned Cadillacs while desert sheiks keep camels, the Long Beach Marina keeps men, 45 of them, busy planting palm trees, painting slips, cleaning lavatories and laundry rooms, guarding boats and scouring the water. Because of the special economic conditions, monthly slip rental at Long Beach (approximately \$1 a foot) is only about half what it is elsewhere, which explains a good deal of the carpeting about public marinas and from private entrepreneurs

continued



Some 1,800 boats tie up at the well-scrubbed Long Beach Marina, and enough of these are permanently inhabited to produce a sort of floating Levittown.

HELP STAMP OUT SNOODS!

A plea for better driving from The St. Paul Insurance Companies



A Snood is our made-up name for the bad drivers who are sending accident rates sky-high. Snoods think they are the only person in the world

Sometimes a Snood drinks and drives, but you don't have to drink to be one. (Some Snoods are ladies in pink hats who only drink at weddings.)

A Snood can be either male or female. It backs out without looking. It blocks intersections so it can be First in Line.

Snoods are lane-straddlers, tail-gaters, signal-jumpers.

Snoods get behind a wheel and signal right. Then they turn left.

What's "Snoode Cum Laude?" Latin for "The premium on Junior's hot rod is up again." Unfortunately, Snoods make everybody's car insurance premium go up.

From the Snood's Manual: "Any Snood caught showing courtesy, consideration or coming to a full stop at a stop sign is demoted to Snood 2nd Class."

If you have known Snoods in your family, we respectfully suggest you paste the above on the mirror where they brush their teeth. Because Snoodism is not incurable. Even practicing Snoods can drive well and safely if they try.

Many have been cured completely, and the effort is worthwhile. Because even kindly old insurance companies like The St. Paul can't pay for Snoodism forever without rate increases.

Help stamp out Snoods.



THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES



Serving you around the world — around the clock

St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company
St. Paul Mercury Insurance Company
Western Life Insurance Company
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

Titleist-top ball with top golfers for 18 straight years.

How come? (And can it help your game?)



Titleist is long. Consistently long. Every ball. Every stroke. You can depend on that consistent length to give your game the edge. The tournament players do—and have, for 18 years in a row.



Titleists are sold only in golf course pro shops.

ACQUINET GOLF BALLS

in the same line of business. The low rates and fringe conveniences also account for the fact that there is a list of 6,000 boat owners waiting to get a slip at Long Beach. Owners who made reservations as long ago as 1960 have only now, in the spring of 1967, reached the head of the list.

As yet, no true houseboat has turned up at the head of the waiting list, but the possibility that one might does not please Lawrence McDowell, director of the Long Beach Marine Department. "At the moment we have no ordinance against houseboats," Mr. McDowell says, "but we might need something of the sort in the future. Some houseboats are quite elegant, but if you let in one you have to let in all of them, and that could change the whole atmosphere of our place. We don't want to be faced with something similar to what has grown up around Newport Beach or even Sausalito."

The Long Beach Marina atmosphere—clean, orderly, safe and low-priced—not unnaturally appeals to liver-inners families who apparently admired these virtues in their landlocked days. At Long Beach the stock answer to the stock stupid question, "Why do you live on a boat?" is, "You don't have to mow the grass here." The Long Beach liver-inners are good, responsible-citizen types. Many of them came to the marina after they had raised a houseful of children on land. Some are still working, and the Long Beach docks at 7 o'clock on a weekday morning look a little bit like the platform of a suburban commuter-train station. Not a few of the liver-inners have retired. And here and there one meets liver-inners who have made short voyages in their homes or are contemplating a cruise, but by and large they stay fairly close to the slips.

The romantic trappings of the sea are missing in this tidy boat park, but the romantic spirit is there. After talk moves on from quips about not mowing grass or having to climb stairs, Long Beach liver-inners almost invariably explain themselves by saying in one way or another, "We dreamed about this for years. We're so happy here we would

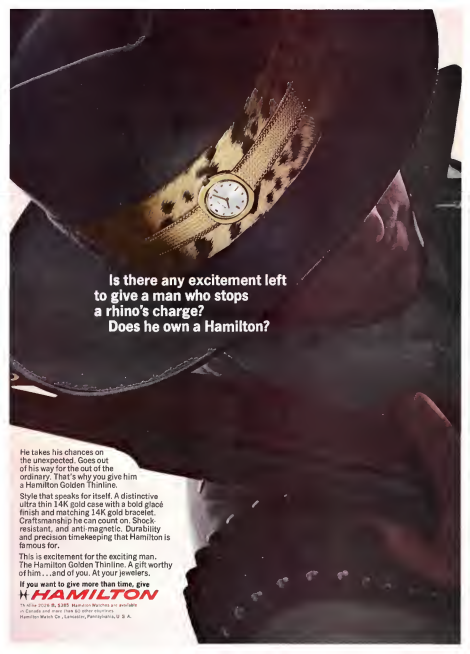
never be satisfied living anywhere else." The thought occurs that at Long Beach the dreams and satisfactions of living on the sea must have a particularly strong and steady interior reality, because the conventional, exterior pelagic props are so sparse. Being able to think salty and feel salty in the snug and vaguely snug municipal marina is perhaps the unadulterated essence of romanticism—like that girl who dreamed about princes and crystal slippers while she cleaned the hearth.

There are, for example, the Thompsons, who formerly owned a wayside restaurant near San Diego. For eight years, two months and two days, out behind the kitchen, John Thompson worked on the boat in which he and his wife now live at the Long Beach Marina. In their floating home there is a brick-faced oven ("Real brick," says Thompson proudly. "Rap it and see. I split them in half to make room"), a hand-carved mantelpiece ("that baby took some time") and all the conveniences of a small, intricately planned apartment ("It's just as comfortable as an apartment and easier to take care of," says Mrs. Thompson). What with the bricks, mantel, a lot of decorative teak, mahogany and brass, the 40-foot, 18-ton boat, which Thompson values at \$76,000 (it cost him \$16,000; the difference is his eight years of labor), is not much for seagoing. However, from the Thompsons' standpoint this is hardly a drawback, since they seldom leave the marina, anyway.

"I built her for comfort. This is our home," explains John Thompson. "To get some of the conveniences we wanted, you have to sacrifice some cruising factors. That suits us."

Thompson's theory of nautical design is becoming increasingly popular among professional builders and, by inference, the boat-buying public. A yacht broker, now pushing a line of 32-foot auxiliary ketches, says, "They wanted a dry boat, so we made it very high. They wanted stability, so we made it wide. We gussied up the cabin and galley so it would look just like home to the wives. Then we put in two tons of lead ballast. Finally we put on some sails and hoped

continued



**Is there any excitement left
to give a man who stops
a rhino's charge?
Does he own a Hamilton?**

He takes his chances on the unexpected. Goes out of his way for the out of the ordinary. That's why you give him a Hamilton Golden Thinline.

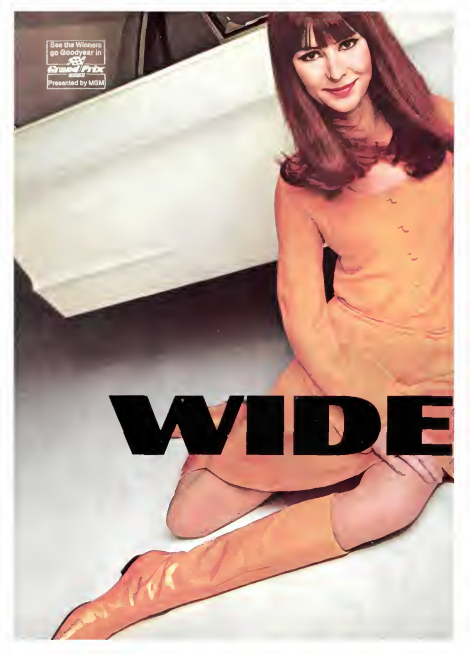
Style that speaks for itself. A distinctive ultra thin 14K gold case with a bold glacé finish and matching 14K gold bracelet. Craftsmanship he can count on. Shock-resistant, and anti-magnetic. Durability and precision timekeeping that Hamilton is famous for.

This is excitement for the exciting man. The Hamilton Golden Thinline. A gift worthy of him...and of you. At your jeweler.

**If you want to give more than time, give
HAMILTON**

TS 4516 2026 B, 5285 Hamilton Watches are available
in Canada and more than 60 other countries.
Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

See the Winners
go Goodyear in
Grand Prix
Presented by MGM

A woman with long brown hair and bangs is sitting on a white surface, possibly a car's body panel. She is wearing a bright orange, long-sleeved, form-fitting dress and matching orange boots. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark and out of focus.

WIDE



BOOTS

New Wide Tread tires from Goodyear

You *could* buy Goodyear's new Wide Boots because their tread is almost one-third wider than the tread on ordinary tires. Or because they start faster. Stop quicker. Handle surer. Corner safer.

You *could* buy Goodyear's new Wide Boots because they're made much like a racing tire. Squat.

Broad shouldered. With a strong cord set at a low angle for less heat buildup and longer wear. With a tread of Tufsyn rubber—the toughest rubber ever built into a tire.

Or you could buy Goodyear's new Wide Boots just because they look great.

GOODYEAR

Wide Boots: Tufsyn, a Goodyear Wide Tread. Tufsyn is a registered trademark of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Dacron®...in a punchy new plaid.

FRETZ, the slacks maker, says it's time to spice up your wardrobe. And this man-sized plaid does it with great style. Tailored the classic way. Trim, slim, neat.

And neat they stay because there's "Dacron" in them. 55% Dacron® polyester, 45% worsted wool. That means they'll keep their creases, keep their cool. \$20.

Ask for Fretz slacks with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

Johanson & Murphy shoes of Corfu® guaranteed.
"Du Pont" registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry



it would move, but that isn't the important thing."

"I'll tell you, though," says John Thompson, waving across the spick-and-span municipal marina. "I wouldn't trade this kind of life for any other. It makes you feel free."

Fifteen miles north of Long Beach is Portofino, a comparatively small, 200-slip marina, owned and operated by Mary Davis, a blonde, jaunty ex-professional sports-car driver who seven years ago borrowed three million some dollars and gambled it on her hunch that Californians in increasing numbers were going to be leaving the freeways and coming to the water. Portofino, in King Harbor at Redondo Beach (just to the windward of an enormous power plant), is not quite as manicured, landscaped or inexpensive as the Long Beach municipal marina. Ropes, paint buckets, drills and piles of lumber lie around the Portofino docks. Somebody is always thumping or scraping away on a hull, and quite often boats move out of the harbor. If Long Beach is a stable floating suburb, Portofino is more like a fairly elegant campground—a way station between land and open sea.

About 15% of the ships at Portofino are occupied by liver-inners. They are younger and more restless and seem to have, or at least talk about, more adventurous plans than do the solid, semi-aquatic citizens at Long Beach. As a rule, neither comfort nor escape from yard work is cited by the Portofino people as a reason for living aboard.

"Let's face it, it's not as convenient or as easy as having a house," says Ed Pollock, who, with his wife, Marilyn, and three children, lives aboard a 41-foot Alden ketch tied up at Dock C, Slip 13 at Portofino. "But as far as I am concerned the lack of some of the so-called conveniences is one of the attractions." Pollock is an intense, disciplined-looking man who gives the impression that he may have a hair shirt stored away in a forward locker. "I'm a teacher in a well-to-do area. A lot of the children I see just have too many things. They have a hard time becoming what they might, because they are already tied to their possessions and to the idea that the



Resembling a South Sea Islander, a resident of the Long Beach Marina returning to his boat after early-morning stroll encounters a ladies' coffee klatch

purpose of life is to accumulate more things. I want my children to be independent, resourceful, curious, able to make do. You don't get that if your life revolves around possessions. It doesn't on a boat. Even if you're tempted, you can't have much. No room."

Until three years ago, when they went to Hawaii for a six-month sabbatical leave, the Pollocks, if not an ordinary family, lived in an ordinary way—an beachside house surrounded, they say, by things. "When we got back," says Marilyn, a pretty, enthusiastic young woman of the kind found in cub scout dens everywhere, "it seemed too dull, too pointless, to go back to the old routine. You know—the old life is too short hit. So we sold the house and bought the boat."

"It's true it's cramped," she says, "but I really think the children feel more a part of things living so close. And there are fewer things to pick up."

"We don't have room for a lot of hobbies, models, crafts, games, but I never hear them asking, 'What can we do now?'" Paul would rather fish than eat, and he can fish right off the boat. Roy is our sailor. He's in the denzhy a lot.

Jodi is the kind who on land would have cats and dogs and rabbits. She can't here, so she catches starfish, crabs and things. She had a pipefish on a leash once. And they just play around the boats and dock doing whatever kids do. I don't think they're bored.

"I suppose the thing I miss most is privacy, but on the other hand we are so close we are close, if you know what I mean. The togetherness thing. I think we really have it, and we like it. We're all involved with the boat, boat living, much more so than we were with a house."

Ashore the Pollocks were beach sports—swimmers, surfers, volleyballers—but since becoming liver-inners, learning to sail their house has become the principal all-family, do-it-yourself project. "We made some mistakes," says Ed. "One night aground we spent more time in the water than out. It wasn't really serious, but we learned that the sea is real. If you make a mistake you get penalized—and the worse the mistake, the worse the penalty. There aren't any excuses. That's another thing I want my children to know, through experience, and it's getting harder and harder for

continued

Great way to

start summer



fun stars by Converse

Here's miles of fun for the whole family
... star quality shoes that are durable, abuseable,
washable, good-looking. By Converse
... famous for their big-league canvas
shoes for athletes.

Made by Americans to American Standards



Fun Stars for the whole family, made by
Converse Rubber Company, Malden, Massachusetts 02148



people to find that sort of risk and experience on land."

A year ago the Pollocks untied their home and sailed it along the Mexican coast for six months, cruising, anchoring and living as far south as Mazatlan. The experience was real enough, educational enough and fun enough to make them want more of the same, to want, specifically, the Grand Tour of all Pacific sailors—to go to the South Seas.

The Pollocks' plans and general outlook are unquestionably influenced by Bill and Marci Taylor, another three-child couple currently, if temporarily, tied up at Portofino. The Taylors are somewhat less analytic about the virtues of living-in (perhaps because they have been and, in a sense, still are a long way from land), but they are classical salt-spray, high-wind marine romantics.

"I sailed all my life," says Bill Taylor, "but somehow we got stuck on land. I was in business 19 years, you know. Get ahead, don't ask where. What did it was we built a big house up there," Taylor waves a disapproving hand in the direction of the Santa Monica Freeway. "When we got through nobody hung any medals on us. We decided we didn't much like where we were or who we were. We sold the house, I quit work. We bought the *Gutawi*, an old 38-foot yawl but tough, and we took her to Tahiti. We were gone 13 months. We're sort of regrouping now."

"It isn't that we went that puzzles us. It's that we waited so long to go. The first day is the hardest. Up until then it's all talk. But you get out just an hour or so and it hits you, what you are really doing. That was the one time I was scared, not about the sailing or the *Gutawi*. It was the idea we had really cut loose. Maybe if there hadn't been so many going-away parties we might have come in. But after the start it was easy. We knew we were right."

While the Tahiti trip may have been easy for Bill Taylor, his two teenage daughters and his son, it was anything but for Marci Taylor, who, every day of the four months spent under way, was seasick. "I took all the pills. They didn't help. People told me it would go away, that it was in my mind. It didn't. It

enclined

Spalding challenges you to one round with this startling new ball.



You won't believe the Spalding Executive. Not till you play it.

It sounds too good to be true. Nine years ago we started experiments toward creating a totally new kind of ball. We tested it under the roughest conditions— even on driving ranges. It endured the worst treatment over and over again.

Many touring pros can't distinguish it from the balls they usually play. It has the same click and feel. It travels as far or farther. But its unique construction assures you of absolute uniformity from ball to ball. And chances are you'll lose it before you wear it out.

We hope you can't resist a challenge. Because we think one round will convince you. The Spalding Executive. Only \$1.25 at your pro shop.



The Spalding Executive. You may never play an ordinary ball again.



The "Double Swipe"

Pennsylvania proposes this artifice to bedazzle an opponent who is a student of form. Ball is tossed extra high on serve. You miss it completely with first pass of racket, but make contact with lightning-like second effort. Procedure is roughly equivalent to the windmill windup in softball. And when embellished with a loud grunt, can be unnerving. Important point: To prevent anticipation by your opponent, contact ball with first swipe at appropriate times.

The *Pennsylvania* Centre Court Advantage

Why let triumph trickle away because of inferior tennis armament? Insist on Centre Court. Be sure. Weld the lean and lethal new Centre Court racket. Play the famous power-packed and predictable Centre Court ball. They're on proud display at all quality sporting goods stores. Ask for them. *Pennsylvania Centre Court*.

Get your copy of "Wily Tennis by Pennsylvania" free when you purchase your next can of Centre Court. Or write Pennsylvania, P. O. Box 951, Akron, Ohio 44309, enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing.



GENERAL TIRE PENNSYLVANIA BRAND ATHLETIC PRODUCTS

MAKERS OF QUALITY ATHLETIC BALLS, GOLF EQUIPMENT AND WATER SALES

wasn't. It was in my stomach. I couldn't go below at all, but it wasn't so bad on deck. I could take my turn at the wheel." ("She had a way with the wind," Bill Taylor says admiringly of his wife. "I'd wake up and it would sound like we were running over gravel, the *Ginaw* was going so good. I'd yell up and she'd say she was fine, and that was about the only time she was.")

Seasickness, like slipping on a banana peel or getting poison ivy, is traditionally a joke misfortune. But for anyone who has ever suffered this fatal-feeling queasiness for even a day four months of being seasick seems like a terrible price to pay. "The good things made up for it," says Marci, and she proceeds to recite, as sailors from Ulysses to Sterling Hayden have, the ancient litany of the Good Things of the Sea. "When you are alone at night under that moon you're absolutely alone. The only sound is the water under the bow and the wind in the rigging. It is worth anything, being sick, anything. You just can't know how good it is until you've done it."

There is another way to go to Tahiti besides sailing there. You can create, and escape to, your own Polynesia, or at least to a Polynesian state of mind. That is what a good many members of an on-the-water colony near Sausalito have done. They have broken away from the way things are done by the average homebody, perhaps even more irrevocably than have the Pollocks, resisting the tyranny of possessions, and the Taylors, searching for a full moon and empty sea. Their houseboats, mudders and arks, on the littoral of San Francisco Bay, are thatched huts, and they have gone native the hard way, making their own village and their own folkways.

The Sausalito houseboat is one of the most famous, or infamous (depending upon the informant), in California. In Long Beach, Los Angeles and many other removed-from-the-scene places the word is that the Sausalito waterfront is a den of dirty, depraved beatniks. In San Francisco, where considerable stock is put in the sophisticated image, some express a certain pride in the colony, showing it off from a safe distance to visitors, much as one might a particularly fine

continued

Discover the Continental States of America

If you've never heard of the C.S.A., there's nothing wrong with your geography. Our country is brand new and, in fact, it's not really real.

We just invented it—to show you where our Proud Birds go—and, more important, to show how Continental Airlines is different.

The difference is pride. The pride our people have in their airline is almost patriotic! You feel their pride in everything they do for you, and you feel good. Comfortable. Confident.

The key to all this is found in the motto of the C.S.A., "Semper cum superbia,"



Growing with pride
The Continental States of America

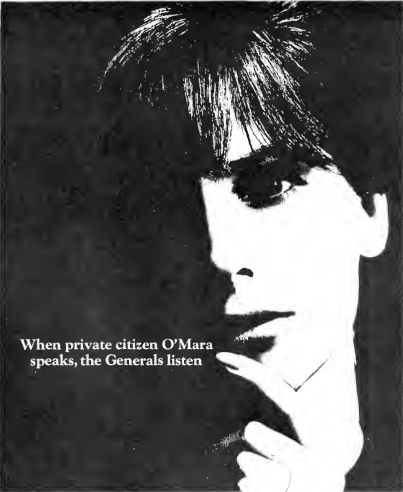
which tells you how we do things...
"Always with pride."

Though the C.S.A. isn't really real, our pride is! It's worth discovering. In the Continental States of America, come travel with us and feel the difference pride makes.

Continental or, better yet, your travel agent can arrange it. He's an expert on unusual new places, including this one. Please call.



Continental Airlines
the proud bird with the golden tail



When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills better pay attention to the likes of Mrs. O'Mara. Because she—and you—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the troops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yes, strangely enough, there are well-

meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by too much choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 16 different kinds of cats. In fact the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not

Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of honey but she hasn't a scintilla to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plain oat mix. And that's apt to be the first to go when they start coming back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

Magazine Publishers Association
1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020-1396

monkey island at a zoo ("That is where they hang up the dirty anti-Communist sign"). Directly across the bay in Berkeley, the would-be Athens of the West, there seems to be considerable hostility toward the Sausalito houseboaters, particularly and surprisingly among the very people who in externals seem so much like the houseboaters, sharing, for example, an apparent fondness for barefootedness, beards and hallucinatory drugs. Under the surface, however, there are two very different kinds of cat. A houseboater may go barefooted because he doesn't have the price of a pair of shoes or because he forgot to put on the pair he does own. Berkeleyites may be turned out in the same fashion, but usually as a matter of principle: they do it to express displeasure with the employment practice of the leather-goods industry, or to show solidarity with the bootless masses of Zambia.

"They are hedonistic vegetables," a Berkeley political activist says scornfully of the Sausalito crowd.

In the No Name bar, a dockside social center for the houseboaters, a frail, blond boy with a Jesus beard stares dreamily across the bay toward the Athens of the West. "I went to one of their parties once. They have them to put down their friends. Ugly. They are savages. They don't give a damn about anything."

The 500 or so houseboaters encountered around Sausalito are apt to strike one as an exceptionally mild, unaggressive, soft-spoken lot. (An occupational hazard of making social calls in Sausalito is ear strain. They are the Whispering People.) It is true that the colonists have only a vague, passing concern with the outside world—they have opted out but good. On the other hand they are not proselytizers as, say, are some of the aggressive Berkeleyites. "You live, man, in your ugly way, and let me live in my beautiful way," is the fundamental plank in the Sausalito tribe's foreign policy. Also, the houseboaters are not ambitious in constructive Big Civilization ways. They manage by selling trinkets, collages, mobiles—hammered out of old auto fenders—and by proving Bill Taylor's economic theory that if you have sufficient faith something will turn up.

continued

If you haven't got the time, we've got the camera.



By Slide a film cartridge into the KODAK INSTAMATIC M8 Movie Camera and join the new wave of super 8 movie-makers. With this camera there's no fiddling at the start, no flipping at midpoint, no winding anywhere along the way. Shoot a full fifty feet of uninterrupted movies in the exciting new super 8 film format.

The M8 is our finest super 8 camera. It has power zoom from 9.5 wide-angle to 45mm telephoto, plus four shooting speeds for special effects—9, 18, 24, 32 frames per second. Automatic through-the-lens exposure control and viewing accuracy. Less than \$225. See the superb M8 and the complete line of KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Projectors at your Kodak dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M8 Movie Camera





Hathaway
coordinates
conservatively-cut slacks
with a rich iridescence.
In a handsome
two-ply polyester
and cotton

by
Galey & Lord

How to put your insurance agent on the spot

(Ask him about first year
dividends the next time you talk
life insurance.)

You might get nothing for an answer except a big, blank stare. On the other hand, you might be talking to a Mutual Benefit agent. We do pay a dividend the first year to every policyholder who continues his policy 3 months into the second year. It's a nice help in cutting the cost of that 2nd year's premium.

(It's also nice to know you're a first-class policyholder right off.)

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK

SHIPBOARD LIVING *continued*

However, they are not a burden to anyone else.

One's good opinion of the Sausalito Tahitians can be happily influenced, of course, by such a member of the tribe as Shawn, a remarkable chestnut-haired, big-eyed girl with a talent for seeing goodness and beauty in the most unpromising places. If the devil should ever want to make a resort subdivision of hell he could do worse than hire Shawn to sell lots on commission. Once, in rather improbable circumstances, she was a member of a group of Peace Corps trainees taken into a wild West Virginia cave (the exercise was identified as Preparation for Cultural Shock). After an hour or so underground the group took a break, squatting down on the lip of a lodge overlooking a deep, black limestone chasm. A good few of the trainees were on the edge of hysteria because of dirt, the close quarters and exhaustion. At the far end of the line Shawn, however, had opened her pack and by the light of her carbide lantern was doing some sort of busy work.

"What are you doing?" someone asked.

"I am sewing a pretty dress," Shawn said.

And she was.

Shawn was later "deselected" from the training program, a development that was almost inevitable. A Tahitian who says in all innocence, as Shawn has, "Marriage is for people who don't trust each other," has to be suspect and incomprehensible to bureaucrats who can, and admit they do, deselect people. After her deselection Shawn returned to where she had come from and where she belongs, to her houseboat in Arques Shipyard, just north of Sausalito.

One thing about this place that cannot be denied is that if you are going to have a California Polynesian it would be hard to find a more scenic spot for it than Sausalito. The town, the No Name, the docks and boats lie underneath Mount Tamalpais, a rugged-looking hill dominating a peninsula that separates the Pacific from the Bay. The slopes of the mountain are green, in a rain-forest sort of way, often shrouded in mists rolling in from the sea and across the

continued

What's so different about Gates Polyester Cord Premium Tire?

...try a set for 30 days and see for yourself!



We're convinced you can't buy better tire performance than you'll get from Gates new polyester cord Super Silent Safety Tires. That's why we invite you to try them on your own car. For 30 days. We believe you'll detect a difference right away in handling ease, in the soft, quiet ride, in quick getaways, in fast stops, in the feeling of control you'll have every minute you're behind the wheel. What makes the difference? Gates 50 years of tire-building experience for one. And polyester cord. The revolutionary tire cord that combines unsurpassed strength with a smooth, quiet ride and doesn't flatspot. You also get a low, wide, road-hugging cross section and inches-wider tread that puts more rubber on the road for nimble, responsive cornering and sure-footed high speed turns. You can see

the difference, too, in the distinctive, thin-less whitewall. Like we said, try a set of four Super Silent Safety tires on your car for 30 days. Drive them under any road conditions. You will agree they are the finest performing tires you have ever owned, or you can return them to your local Gates dealer. Simply note your dissatisfaction and sign your name on the reverse of the original sales ticket. Your Gates dealer will refund your full purchase price. How can we make such an offer? Because only Gates builds a tire like the Super Silent Safety.



The Gates Rubber Company

Circle 100 on Reader Service / One of the world's largest rubber companies serving more than 140,000 dealers in 80 countries

Rum and Maple the perfect mixing tobacco

Knowledgeable pipe smokers rarely enjoy "out-of-the-box" mixtures. The perfect blending of mildness, aroma and full-bodied taste is a personal matter, most frequently achieved by blending your own personal mixture. May we suggest that you try Rum and Maple with other tobaccos of character? Rum and Maple harmonizes and smooths, brings out the finer qualities of other blends, gives new zest to tobaccos that somehow miss the point.



Rum and Maple Tobacco Club, Inc. © 1981



the **Trend** is to refreshing stripes of Daeron® and Antron®

Freshen-up your country club wardrobe with crisp, horizontal stripes of alternating yards of Daeron® polyester and Antron® nylon. Choose from a palette of colorways, all full-fashioned knee to ankle shape retaining fit. No wonder the trend is to Trend at fine stores everywhere. Trend fashions by Hunkley of York, Empire State Building, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10001

Trend
EST. 1971
by Hunkley of York

SHIPBOARD LIVING

bay toward Berkeley. The Sausalito waterfront—the swaying, slippery, decaying docks, the old boats and rich mud—has none of the antiseptic tidiness of the Long Beach municipal marina or the seagull efficiency of Portofino, but it is attractive in a disheveled way. "I think," says Shawn, leaning the way out of the boatyard, "that we have the greatest old wood here of any place in the whole world."

The Sausalito Polynesians, like other cheerful, close-to-nature peoples, are fond of bright, curiously shaped and symbolic objects (there may not be another boat in the whole world that has a bulkhead as impressive as Shawn's beaded Turkish curtain). In, on and hanging through the rotted wood are all sorts of flotsam and jetsam, which Sausalitians call Things: colored glass, rusty auto parts, cans, old clothes, dried weeds—all sorts of Things fished up from the water, scavenged from the land and displayed for decorative purposes.

"We had this wonderful bathtub," says Shawn. "It had those big, claws feet. We set it right at the head of the dock and made a flower garden in it. Somebody, a cop or a garbage collector, came along and dragged it away. They said it was trash. I bet they would have let us keep it if it had been a chemical toilet."

Cops, sanitary engineers, anti-pollutionists, industrial planners, real-estate developers, municipal inspectors and just plain people who find the houseboaters and their Things outrageous are forever trying to disperse and replace them. One of the more recent ploys of the authorities (whom the houseboaters regard in the way the Tahitians must have looked upon Captain Cook's crew—mysterious, malignant beings wielding great power without discernible motive) was to declare the mud flats and shallows at the edge of town to be city streets. The boats were then said to be on city streets, the houseboaters were culled squatters and were told to either pay a fee to the sanitary district or get out. The houseboaters reacted in typical fashion, ignoring the order, reasoning that a check on the maze of docks and floats would be as hard to make as a census

continued



**This might not work for anyone else,
but it has kept us going for 117 years.**

Here, at the home of Old Fitzgerald, we stand today as America's oldest family distillery. Our choice has been to preserve the art of authentic hand-made Sour Mash Bourbon. As our gate sign states, we ignore time and expense . . . and so-called progress. This path has kept Old Fitzgerald tasting like what it is:

the most expensively made* Bourbon in Kentucky
...and probably in the world.



86.8 proof Prime Straight

Original Bottled in Bond

*Source:
Kentucky Distilling Records

SPINDLE WELLS • AMERICA'S OLDEST FAMILY DISTILLERY • 5STAR, COGSVILLE, KY, 1845 • 86.8 AND 100 PROOF STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY



Content in tight quarters, Pollock children arouse selves before bedtime. "You've got to keep yourself where they belong," says their mother, "or you can't move."

of eels. "But," says Peter, a friend of Shawn's, "should those souls really be serious, we thought we would form a club together and let a house on the land. That way we would have an official residence."

(Peter, a Canadian, was once an engineer. Seven years ago, vacationing in San Francisco, he found Sausalito and a vacant mudder and stayed. "I thought I was much too young to be a businessman. I still am.")

"Petah invents things," says Shawn of her friend.)

The houseboaters are very clubby, not only because they have a common tradition and outlook, but also because they share a sense of persecution. Everyone knows what everyone else is up (or down) to.

"Poor boy," says Shawn of a wraith-like figure who slips through the sea mist. "He has the most terrible family. They are always hunting for him, trying to bring him back. He hides under the dock and takes dope."

A long, tall girl of the build and complexion of a camel cricket glides in out of the night and seats herself in Shawn's cabin.

"You're so late, Martha. What happened to you?"

"I had to stay late after my yoga lesson," whispers the cricket.

"Martha takes yoga from this weight lifter. He was like Mr. America of 1927. Martha, I don't think I could concentrate. He is not attractive."

"I think he is beautiful."

"Martha, this is my friend, Bil. He likes caves. He wants to know why we like bats."

Martha smiles dreamily and smiles and smiles and smiles and then finally begins to enumerate, like a housewife checking off a grocery list. "The bonts are cheap. They are beautiful. We are happy, because we are like one blood. It is like we are all ribs and fingers of the same body. we are so close."

"Martha, that is so talky. We're just hung up on water. Water is just about the greatest thing in the world."

And maybe that will do, not only for the Sausalito Tahitians but also for the Tahiti-bound, the Tahiti-yearners everywhere—for those in the aquatic suburbs off Long Beach, for Marci Taylor, seaskin under a Pacific moon, and for those who are mowing their lawns. **END**



**BOUNDERS ARE
AVAILABLE AT:**

10.1111/j.1365-3113.2011.04519.x

[illegible]

INTRODUCTION

Martha
8.4.08

HOWA

Center
County
District

Abstract

lowa
County

Online
Full-text version

MICHAEL
B. LUTHE

Abstract

Front
Crown
Grind

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Large β

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

MINING SOCIETY

Ale
Owens & Moore Wear
Buffalo
Burklands, Inc.
Cleveland
E. D. Spencer
Cincinnati
C. G. D. Clothing
Culbitt
Guaranty Shoe Store
Memphis Shoeing Co.
Lake City
Furness Shoe Store
Minneapolis
T. W. Clothing Company
St. Louis
Rogers & Wilson
No St Paul
Mott's Shoe Store
Virginia
Palace Clothing
Wilmington

NEBRASKA

NORTH GANDIA

OHIO

Asiatic
 Hottel Shanks get
Cincinnati
 Stefano, Miss
Cleveland
 State Shanks get Miss
Elyria Falls
 Glen W. Corp. & Son
Lansin
 Shanks Chaucer Shanks
Maple Heights
 Pichler Shanks
 State

Editorial Director: **John E. Deeken**

SOUTH GARDIA
Mitchell
Smullin, C. Jeffrey, Clara

WOLFFSON IN

- McDonald Shoe Store
- Cashon
- Summit Shoe Store
- Green Key
- Pedal Motion Shoes
- Narval shoe
- Louisa's 4th Street
- LaCreme
- Amber Shoe Co
- Medusa
- C. M. Andrus Co
- Markman
- The Man's Shop
- Men's World
- Green White Shoes
- Mishkin
- Green Shoe Store
- Chisholm
- Burton's Walk Over Store
- Flattville
- LaMuen's Shoe Store
- River Falls
- Cutler
- Superior
- Superior Shoe
- Waterford
- Merwin Shoe Store
- Wayne
- DeLambert
- Bois Water
- White Water Shoe Store



The ModMoc Bounder

The Bounder. A shoe tracing back to the rugged days of tribal tradition. A shoe reaching across to the dashing style of contemporary London.

The Bounder. Part hand-sewn moccasin—soft, supple, and durable. Part ankle boot—comfy, jolly, and smashing.

The Bounder. Wear it anywhere. Outdoors for the big game. To watch the buffaloes roam or the footballers scrum. Or to sport around indoors. Indian wrestle or the frug, or a game of billiards, maybe.

The Bounder. Bottomed with a light, flexible Tufsyn sole. Shaped from toe to heel to ankle with top-grain glove leather. And sewn together like a moccasin.

4 light-footed, handsome styles—from chucks to oxford. In 3 eye-catching colours, too—copper ore, russet brown, and hayride olive. For prices you couldn't beat in wampum or pound sterling—\$16.00 to \$18.00.

The ModMoc Bounder. For the brave and the brash.



Weissbrother Shoe Corp., Milwaukee, Wisc.



The crisp keen
taste of the
Northland.
New L&M Menthol Tall.
100 millimeters tall.



Taller than king size.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

PITTSBURGH (2-3) fans waved leftover green wieners from 1966, plastered their caps with 'WE GOT BUC BEV-AH—AGAIN' stickers and ran full-page newspaper ads saying, 'WE'VE GOT THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH (It's been seven years since the last Pirate pennant). Then the Pirates started playing—and making errors, one by the usually flawless shortstop Gene Alley and two by Right Fielder Roberto Clemente, last season's MVP. Reliever Al Meliciano misread his catcher's signal and Adolfo Phillips of the Cubs hit the pitch over the wall. Before a stirring ninth-inning rally beat the Cubs on Sunday, Forbes Field fans were chanting, "Goodbye, Harry" to Manager Harry Walker. Juan Marchal of SAN FRANCISCO (1-5), the winningest right-hander in baseball a year ago, gave up 22 hits and 10 runs and lost twice. And Willie Mays was sidelined with a pulled hamstring. Last year Glenn Beckert of CHICAGO (3-2) hit one home run all season, the Cubs won only three games in all of April and they did not come up with their third complete-game victory until May 31. So last week Beckert homered on Opening Day, and the Cubs got complete-game wins from Ferguson Jenkins, Curt Simmons and Ray Culp, all former Phillies. In ATLANTA (3-3) the pitching was as wobbly as ever, but Joe Torre's home runs salvaged two wins. Three LOS ANGELES (0-4) starters lasted a total of 12 innings, long enough to give up 22 hits and 12 runs and make the Dodgers miss Sundry Koufax more than ever. But the Dodgers finally scored a run off Larry Jaster of ST. LOUIS (4-0), who had shut them out five straight times last year. Lou Brock, who hit five homers, said, "I've got back the swing I had when I was in college in 1961. Mike Shannon reminded me when I went up to hit in the seventh inning on Saturday. He

yelled to me, 'Open 'em up. Open 'em up.'"

Brock opened his stance, hit a home run, hit another in the eighth and hit two more the following day (page 22). HOUSTON (3-3) got some fine pitching from Mike Cuellar and Larry Dierker, plus six RBIs from Eddie Matthews. Vada Pinson, Deron Johnson and Dick Simpson hit homers in their first at bats for CINCINNATI (5-1). The Reds' 18-year-old Gary Nolan won his first start, and Mel Queen pitched a shutout. NEW YORK (1-4) made five errors in its first game and lost its opener for the sixth time in six tries. Richie Allen of PHILADELPHIA (4-1) hit a two-run homer in the seventh inning to tie the Cubs, and the Phils went on to win it in the 11th. "He threw me a swiftie and I downed him," said the powerful Allen. Then Richie downed another two-run homer to beat the Mets 2-0.

Standings: St. L. 4-0; Cin. 5-1; Phil. 4-1.
Chi. 3-2; N.Y. 3-3; Atl. 3-3; Pitt. 2-3; NY 1-4.
SF 1-5; LA 0-4.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

After the first inning of the season BALTIMORE (4-2) looked like world champions still. Curt Blefary reached over the left-field fence in the top of the inning to turn a would-be Twin homer into a double play, and in the bottom of the first Blefary was hit by a pitch. Luis Aparicio doubled, Frank Robinson singled and Brooks Robinson homered: four batters, four runs. Steve Barber, sent to the minors two weeks ago with a sore arm, came back and nearly pitched a no-hitter against the Angels, giving up only a double to Jim Fingers with one out in the ninth. Willie Horton and Dick McAuliffe of DETROIT (3-3) were out with ailments, and the pitching was shaky. Denny McLain lasted only four innings in the opener ("Denny is not quite organized,"

said Pitching Coach Johnny Sain), but he came back to win on Sunday. Allan Lewis of KANSAS CITY (3-2), who stole 116 bases in the minors last year, got on base for the first time and the fans shouted, "Go! Go!" Before Lewis could go, Steve Hargan of CLEVELAND (2-2) picked him off. Earlier, Manager Joe Adcock protested after the first pitch that the white shoes worn by Pitcher Jim Nash of the A's distressed his hitters. The protest got nowhere, and Leon Wagner of the Indians admitted that the white shoes didn't bother him. "They just look kinda tutti-frutti," Wagner said. Bill Rohr (below) of BOSTON (2-3) became an overnight celebrity with his near no-hitter. Rico Petrocelli, who had only three hits in 62 at bats in two previous Aprils, had six in his first three games this year. Another turnabout was Mel Stottlemyre of NEW YORK (3-2), who lost his first two decisions last season but this year pitched two successive shutouts. The Yankees had to go 18 innings against the Red Sox to win a game with anyone but Stottlemyre on the mound. Ken McMullen of WASHINGTON (2-3) hit a grand-slam home run in one game, a game-winning double in the next. Home runs by Don Mincher of CALIFORNIA (3-3) were instrumental in all three Angel wins. MINNESOTA's (1-4) supposedly overpowering pitching wasn't. Jim Kaat lost two, and Dean Chance and Jim Grant one each. Eddie Stanky, starting his second season as manager of CHICAGO (3-2) wasn't too happy with a telegram signed "Toots Shor" that arrived in the clubhouse on Opening Day. It was addressed to "Al Loper, Manager" and read: "Good luck, Al. I hope you win 'em all."

Standings: Balt. 4-2; KC 3-2; NY 3-2.
Chi. 3-2; Cal. 3-3; Det. 3-3; Cleve. 2-2.
Wash. 2-3; Bos. 2-1; Minn. 1-4.

HIGHLIGHT

It was the bottom of the ninth inning and the fans at Yankee Stadium were cheering every pitch by rookie left-hander Bill Rohr of the Red Sox, who for eight innings had not allowed a hit. They had seen him persevere despite a severe bruise suffered when a ball ricocheted off his left leg in the sixth. And they were dazzled by the youthful verve (Rohr's vigorous motion sent his cap flying off on some pitches) of the 21-year-old, who, at 6' 3" and 175 pounds is built more like Twiggy than Christy Matthews. Rohr's no-hitter seemed lost when Tom Tresh led off the ninth with a drive to deep left, but Carl Yastrzemski raced back and made a spectacular falling catch. Now the young pitcher

was within two outs of becoming the first player ever to pitch a no-hitter in his very first big-league game. He got Joe Pepitone on a soft fly ball, and then up stepped Elton Howard. With the count two and two, Rohr bawled missed a strikeout when his curve dipped too low. His next curve did not dip at all, and Howard singled to right, spoiling the no-hitter. Rohr got the final out, a one-hit shutout and his first taste of real prominence and publicity. Rohr, who is part Cherokee, was raised by foster parents in California, and originally signed with Pittsburgh in 1963. The Pirates buried him in the low minors, never once letting him pitch in a game. Red Sox officials, wise to this hide-and-seek play, spotted him, drafted him in November of 1963 and started him on his way.



BOSTON'S BILL ROHR



**a few words to a man
who hopes his son gets to college
on a scholarship.**

Good luck. But don't forget he'll be competing with thousands of other boys.

We suggest a safer way to raise money for college. Our Educational Endowment Policy. It matures right along with your boy. It's ready to go to work when he goes to college. Of course, we hope your son *does* come through with a scholarship. Then you'll have all that endowment money to celebrate with. **STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA**



State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America, Worcester, Massachusetts. Founded in 1844 Life-Health-Group.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

KICKBACK

Sirs:

I found your article *Spokane the Sole-kick* (June (April 10)) quite interesting. However, I don't think that your use of Bobby Charlton in this experiment was too far a test. The soccer player spends his life trying to perfect a hard shot between the uprights a foot or two off the ground. In your test he was required to put the ball through the uprights 20 or more feet in the air—something that he has tried to avoid doing all his life. Of course, you did make mention of this in your article.

The "soccer-style" kick, as we use it here, is soccer-style only in the manner in which the foot meets the ball. No soccer player is called upon to make such a kick in his game.

I think you should have gone about 12,000 miles in the other direction. The game of Australian Rules football is much like Rugby except that there are 18 players on a side and a larger field is used. It is strictly a kicking game, with great emphasis on the field goal from placement and by dropkick. The records for this type of kick are a good 20 yards better than anything in our books. Kicks of better than 70 yards are quite common. Perhaps this is where the pros and maybe even the colleges should turn for talent.

CLAUDE F. OGDEN

Milltown, N.J.

Sirs:

As a medical student and former aspirant in a place-kicking career in college football, I believe that I can make a few points about human anatomy that will add some light to the soccer-style vs. American-style controversy in place-kicking.

Primarily two sets of muscles are involved in the American kick, those that extend the

knee and those that flex the hip joint during the follow-through. The soccer kick uses all of these muscles and adds, with its outside-in sweep, an entirely new set of muscles, the adductors on the medial side of the leg. In addition, the soccer style allows a less-restricted movement in cocking the knee before the kick. This movement in the American style is hampered by a direct stretching of the extensor muscles on the front of the leg. On the basis of greater muscle involvement, I would have to conclude that the soccer-style is potentially a more powerful kick.

An experimental test of this kind of qualitative conclusion is always welcomed. But, unfortunately, the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* experiment is not valid. Aside from the weight advantage enjoyed by the Americans, the fact that the soccer kicker was asked to do something he had never trained to do—to kick an unfamiliar ball over, instead of under, the bar—tends to throw serious doubt on the adequacy of the contest. A better control of experimental variables would be to let Baker and Mercer challenge the Gogolaks. Even then you might conclude that some kickers are better than others, but the contest would be more interesting.

JOHN W. BRANFLOAN

Baltimore

BIGGEST GAME

Sirs:

Concerning your *SPRINGFIELD* note (April 17) about a giant Monopoly game scheduled to be played at Juniata College on April 29, we thought your readers might be interested in seeing a photograph (left) of the giant version of the game recently played between Mount Holyoke and Yale students here on the Mount Holyoke campus. One of the unusual features of the game was that students took the place of tokens on the big board. We think it was probably the biggest Monopoly game ever played at least, to date.

Incidentally the Yale team won.

JOE R. NYBERG

South Hadley, Mass.

DOUBLE WHAMMY

Sirs:

They say there is a jinx associated with appearing in your magazine, so Jack Nicklaus' performance in the 1967 Masters golf tournament is easily explained by his appearance on your April 10 cover.

But I thought nonsports people would be immune to the shammy. That's just not so. After reading in the same issue your article on the televising of the tournament (*Are We on the Movies*), I sat down to watch San-

day's finale, and CBS botched it up. I've never heard a more confused group of people. Don't blame their incompetence on the AFTRA strike, either, since ABC managed to give beautiful telecasts of the Celtics-76ers basketball playoffs during that week. In fact, the executives doing those broadcasts were much more enjoyable to listen to than the regular sportscasters.

DAVID B. FREEMAN

Philadelphia

SELECTIVE DISSERVICE

Sirs:

After watching the Pan American basketball trials (April 7, 8, 9 at the University of Minnesota) and considering the 18 choices for the Pan Am squad, I am tempted to think that several members of the Pan American selection committee must have been viewing their first basketball games. Some of the choices were so illogical that the motives of the committee might be questioned.

The *Minneapolis Tribune* named Earl Monroe of the NAIA, the leading scorer during the trials, and Darius Cunningham of the armed forces as the two outstanding players of the trials. Yet neither was selected for the Pan Am team. Perhaps the committee was trying to maintain a balance of white and black players. (Of the 18 men named to the team plus six alternates, 12 are white and 12 are Negroes.) But consider another case in point: the selection of Kendall Rhine (AAU, formerly of Rice) and Dan Anderson (AAU, formerly of Augsburg College in Minneapolis, chosen as an alternate) over Elvin Hayes (NCAA). Neither Rhine nor Anderson would approach stardom on a major-college team, much less overshadow a player of Hayes's ability. In fact, Anderson was the poorest player at the trials.

Considering the omission from the team of Monroe, Cunningham and Hayes (all Negroes), it seems that the committee was using the trials as a yardstick for judging some players, but not others. Monroe's Globetrotter style of ball-handling may have offended some people, but it could not detract from the fact that his scoring and several assists stamped him as an excellent ballplayer who could help any team. And Cunningham's hustle, play-making and defensive ability went unnoticed only by the committee.

DON BAKER

Minneapolis

MEET MRS. NITTY

Sirs:

I thought your readers might like to hear about a funny incident for which your magazine was responsible.

Last December my mother started to read

Continued





If Rose's is made for gimlets,
what's it doing in a Collins?



Every Rose's West Indian lime is brought up to be a good little gimlet mixer. ("One part me to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka," so the lesson goes.)

But there are some things children learn that a parent doesn't teach them. Like? How to make the best Tom Collins in the world, what else?

But Rose's Lime Juice comes by that quite naturally.

That's because it is made from lush yellow limes grown only in Dominica. They are faster than untropical limes. Have a much better taste. An exquisite tart-sweet taste. Superb.

Try it in a Collins. Mix 3 parts gin, rum, or vodka to 1 part Rose's. Pour over ice. Fill with soda. Stir. Serve.

Smart kid.

Get 5 FREE SAMPLES

of these fine
House of Edgeworth
tobaccos



New fragrance for the outdoorsman

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY, INC.
Dept. G-4, Post Office Box 3-AC,
Richmond, Va. 23208

Please send my five free trial pack samples as offered

Name

Address

City State Zip

Limited to U.S.A. One offer per customer,
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

19TH HOLE continued

SI with great interest, and her interest took its toll. While I was home on vacation this spring, she had an extremely vivid dream concerning pro football. It seems she was hired as head coach of a pro team called the United States All-Stars. She noticed that the team was not quite as energetic as it could be and wondered what might be done to revitalize them. After much thought, she suggested that they eat dog food, consisting of horsemeat, along with a 15c vitamin pill. This diet was an immediate success; the team improved with great speed after only a few weeks.

My mother seemed very proud the next morning when she related her dream, because her team had gone on to win the world championship.

My mother and I are both sure it was your magazine that caused this dream, because we live in Bermuda and our only source of news concerning American football is SI. But I'll never know where she cooked up the dog food.

MALCOLM KIRKLAND

Concord, N.H.

THE RATING GAME

Sirs:

I completely enjoyed Frank Deford's analyses of the games UCLA played in the NCAA basketball tournament. Frank's analyses are very similar to the findings I obtained by using the Offense Efficiency Rating System (OERS), which I developed.

Here are the conclusions that I came to after studying the OER statistics for UCLA games with the University of the Pacific, Houston and Dayton:

UCLA did not exhibit a superior offense. From a total of 240 possessions of the ball in these three contests, UCLA scored 232 points. By dividing the total points by the total possessions, I found that the Bruins rated an OER of 97 points per possession. This is good—considering the caliber of opposition they met—but definitely not outstanding. Ohio State won the Big Ten title in Jerry Lucas' junior and senior years with identical 1.07 OERs. Michigan won the Big Ten title in 1965 with an average OER of 1.08 points, and Tennessee set the all-time high of 1.13 in the 1965-1966 season.

On the other hand, UCLA's defensive rating (OER) was .79 ppp. This is superior.

I have never seen one player so completely "control" the game as Lew Alcindor does. When he and Mike Warren left the contest against Dayton, UCLA's OER was 1.03, while Dayton's was only .70. During the final five minutes and 17 seconds of the game UCLA had 14 possessions and scored nine points for an OER of only .64 ppp, while Dayton had 14 possessions and scored 16 points for an OER of 1.29.

PAUL R. KELLER

Oakland, Ohio

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Time & Life Building,
Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020.

Time Inc. also publishes *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of *Time* and *Life*. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heskett; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Senior Vice President, Bernhard M. Auer; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Comptroller, John F. Harvey; Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, Rhett Antell, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Buckholz, R. M. Buckley, Charles L. Gleason Jr., John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Sidney L. James, Arthur W. Keylor, Henry Luce III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Pullen Jr., Herbert Schutz, James R. Shepley, Garry Valk; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messenger; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough, Assistant Secretary, William E. Bishop.

Sports Illustrated SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

1 To write about your subscription change of address, billing, adjustments, cancellations, or renewal, address:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
240 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611
Charles A. Adams, Vice President
Attach current address label on major label, this will help us identify you quickly and accurately.

2 To order a new subscription, check box ☐ new, ☐ renewal. Use code below for your address. Mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** at address given above. Rates: Continental U.S.—1 yr \$8.50; Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands—1 yr \$10.00; Military personnel anywhere in the world: 1 yr \$16.00. All other: 1 yr \$14.00.

ATTACH LABEL HERE WITH ALL INQUIRIES:

Please print your name, please give us the weeks notice. Print your name and new address and Zip Code number below and mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE** at address given above. Please note your telephone number below.

Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip Code
Telephone Number		

Will an American gin ever make it big in America?



There are some who are hoping we fall flat on our juniper berries.

It's only natural, we suppose, that the British would resent anyone threatening their eminence in the gin world.

(Eminence isn't the kind of thing one gives up graciously, is it?)

But the martini (dry, dry, dry) is an American drink. (It's not at all popular in England.) And although British gin is very fine gin indeed, there is a goodly group of sensitive souls that questions whether it is as dry as a great

martini could hope for.

That's why we're making Calvert Gin. Right here in America. Especially for the American martini.

To start, we import exotic botanicals from the wayout of Asia and Africa.

Then, we add our own fresh, hand-cut lime peel to get a spark of fresh, crisp flavor.

But most important of all, we distill over and over and over again until Calvert Gin is 100% dry. 100% for the American martini.

Will American gin ever make it big in America? Try it. Then you tell us.



